

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 161, Vol. 6.

November 27, 1858.

PRICE 6d.
Stamped 7d.

THE FAVOURITES OF LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THEIR APOLOGISTS.

A FEW only of the Palmerstonian organs have been rash enough to undertake a defence of the Compiègne visit. The more discreet and intelligent believers in the "spirited" foreign policy have justly deemed it more politic to hold their peace, hoping probably that they might obtain from oblivion an amnesty which was not likely to be extorted by a formal apology. Two or three journals only, which are morally or physically incapacitated from forming a just appreciation of public opinion, have endeavoured to extenuate an act which, according to the diversity of political sympathies, is everywhere characterized either as a grave offence or a lamentable imprudence. The *Record*, not being of "the children of this world," probably ranks as a virtue the very certain fact that it is not "wise in its generation." Our religious contemporary is satisfied to be faithful to the end in its testimony to the "Man of God." Having swallowed a camel or two in its time, it is too sincere to strain at an odd gnat. We can hardly expect the apologists of Lord CLANRICARDE to be very hard upon LOUIS NAPOLEON. The animosity of the truly pious against their heretical brethren has laid up for them such a store of supererogatory virtue that they can afford to squander a little of their superfluous merit in petting sinners. LOUIS XIV. had no difficulty in finding a complaisant confessor amongst his faithful Jesuits. We have no Jesuits, and we hope that we have got rid of the confessional in this country. But the necessities to which they ministered are amply satisfied, for Lord PALMERSTON and his friends receive absolution regularly three days a week in the columns of the *Record*.

We do not attempt to argue the question with our religious contemporary—principally because he does not condescend to such fleshly weapons as argument, and also because we know that his faith in the loaves and fishes (such is the force of remembered deaneries and expected bishoprics) is too strong to be shaken by our sceptical ratiocinations. Like most theological and infallible authorities, he rests his judgment on a statement which is notoriously inaccurate. We are told that the invitation of an allied Sovereign is a command which every Englishman is bound to obey. Through what channel the *Record* derives its familiarity with Court etiquette we can only conjecture. We venture, with great submission, however, to suggest that the "serious footman" has been mistaken on this occasion. If we may be permitted to believe that the *Record* reserves its infallibility for its theological opinions, we may perhaps be allowed to question the correctness of its fashionable intelligence. The hair of JENKINS himself must have stood on end at so shocking a blunder. We beg to assure our pious contemporary that no Englishman is bound to accept an invitation as a command from any Sovereign but his own. Indeed, the doctrine of the *Record* would be practically so inconvenient that it is difficult to conceive how it would work. All the Sovereigns, not only of Europe but of the world, are happily at this moment our allies. But in the time of peace it would seem no man is safe in his own house. On the *Record's* theory, nothing but universal war could protect any individual from commands which might amount to perpetual expatriation. If this be so, the field of diplomacy may be largely extended by an acute Administration. Perhaps our Ambassador at Rio has been already instructed to procure an invitation commanding the attendance of Mr. BRIGHT at the Court of Brazil during the next session of Parliament. No men enjoy a higher reputation for their social talents than Lords PALMERSTON and CLARENDON; and there is many a dull Court in Europe which would be too happy to have them for the asking. Only conceive the "Man of God" being distracted in

the composition of a treatise on Original Sin by an invitation to a concert at Stuttgart, or Signor CARAFFA being honoured with the command of his Sovereign to request the attendance of Lord CLARENDON at Naples. Or, to bring the matter home more completely to the *Record's* appreciation, let us suppose that the daughters of the Emperor of CHINA, having heard from the missionaries that Lord SHAFTESBURY is a "precious vessel," should insist on their father sending him an invitation to a serious tea-party at Peking in the midst of the May meetings. But if there are these geographical obstacles to this theory of passive obedience, what are we to say to its moral difficulties? If the Emperor of the FRENCH can command the attendance of Lord CLARENDON at dinner, why may he not insist on his following him to the ballet? If Lord PALMERSTON may be made to tilt at the ring, why not to dance? Where does the authority of the "allied Sovereign" cease? Can he order the "Man of God" to confess, or take him to the play on Sunday? But let not the nerves of the *Record* be too rudely shaken. The powers of evil are not so potent as it thinks. Lords PALMERSTON and CLARENDON went to Compiègne not because they need, but because they chose. The etiquette of Courts has not been materially changed since the days when DANIEL elected to eat his pulse by himself rather than feast with the Great King. If modern DANIELS had followed the example of their predecessor, they probably would have found that it would have been no worse for them even in this world.

In the poverty of apologists for the Compiègne visit, we should be guilty of partiality if we omitted all notice of the *Record's* northern ally, the *Scotman*. It is a peculiarity of Scotchmen that it takes them a long time to make out a joke. Our canny contemporary seems to possess in an eminent degree the virtue of being at once unpenetrating and impenetrable. The excellent fooling of the "spirited" foreign policy has been found out, laughed at, and done with in England nine months ago, and here we have our good, sturdy, matter of fact, unimpressible Scot droning on, quite incapable of understanding a jest which in England is become quite out of date. News travels slowly, and apparently somewhat irregularly, to the North. Our contemporary candidly avows that he never heard of the publication of the addresses of the French Colonels in the *Moniteur*, and that M. DE PERSIGNY's speech to the Corporation of London has escaped his memory. He does not seem even now to be conscious of M. WALEWSKI's despatch. An accurate copy of the Conspiracy Bill appears not yet to have reached him, for he evidently imagines that it was specially applied to foreigners alone. He undertakes to affirm that Lord PALMERSTON's measure was not instigated even by the request of the French Government, from which we can only conclude that our contemporary never heard that the late Minister avowed that his Bill was founded on the allegation of M. WALEWSKI, that "English legislation favoured assassination"—a statement which Lord CLARENDON, in his place in the House of Lords, declared himself wholly unable to deny. How a journal which professes to instruct public opinion on the other side of the Tweed happens to be ignorant of facts so recent and so notorious, it is difficult to explain. Possibly Scotch economy only permits our Northern neighbours to learn the events of the day from the *Annual Register*, and they are waiting till next January to inform themselves of the transactions of last February. It is hardly necessary to observe that reasonings founded on so complete an ignorance of political history very little deserve a formal refutation.

There is one point, however, which the *Scotman* has raised which may merit a somewhat fuller answer. Our contemporary avers that our strictures on the personal intimacy of English public men with foreign Sovereigns are confined to the case of LOUIS NAPOLEON. This criticism, like the rest, is

founded on an inaccurate statement of the fact. The simple reply is that we said nothing of the sort. We have often had occasion to point out the mischiefs and the humiliations which necessarily flow from attempting to conduct public affairs on the footing of personal friendships, and our article of last week contained nothing inconsistent with these views. It was necessary to illustrate our principle on the occasion of its most flagrant and wanton violation. We hold it to be radically incompatible with the independence and usefulness of an English public man to *afficher* a private and personal intimacy with foreign Courts. There was a time when there were in England a set of politicians who chose to designate themselves as the "King's Friends." They have been branded with immortal contempt by the pen of BURKE. But these men, scouted and despised as they were by public opinion, were at least the "Friends" of the King of England. Even in the base days which gave rise to the "Thoughts on the 'Present Discontents,'" we had not reached the humiliation which attaches to the English politicians who affect the title of the "Friends of the French Emperor." These personal relations are not essential to the solidity of national alliances—on the contrary, they exercise upon them a mischievous and subversive influence. They are as dangerous to national honour as they are fatal to individual independence. It is all very well to say that particular men are too high-minded and too firm to be biassed by such associations. That has not, however, been the judgment or the experience of men who are versed in public affairs. On what principle, we should like to know, is it that no man in the diplomatic service of England is permitted to accept a decoration at the hands of a foreign Sovereign? The statesmen who established this arbitrary and inflexible rule were not hoodwinked by the platitude that an English ambassador could not be bought by a bit of ribbon. They wisely judged that men who are called upon to discharge responsible and sometimes unpleasant functions at a foreign Court should be permitted to look to no fountain of honour but their own Sovereign.

We have never said that similar intimacies with other Sovereigns than the French EMPEROR would be legitimate or desirable. When examples of relations of the same character established at Vienna or St. Petersburg, are brought with equal prominence into public notice, we shall pass upon them no different judgment. We spoke of the affair of Compiègne because it is a thing which has actually occurred, and because it is the most extreme and disgraceful exemplification of an evil which we universally condemn. What we have said—and what we take this occasion of repeating—is that the display of social adulation to the French EMPEROR by Lords PALMERSTON and CLARENDON—unworthy at any time of English statesmen—was at this moment a special and flagrant outrage on English opinion. We are told that LOUIS NAPOLEON is no worse than any other absolute monarch, and that his domestic government is no affair of ours. We deny both propositions. There is no other Sovereign in Europe whose title to his throne is founded on perjury. That the internal government of France is no affair of ours is true to just the same extent, and in just the same sense, as it is true that we have no right to an opinion on the subject of the dungeons of Naples or the Slave auctions of South Carolina. Whether there are many people in Scotland who would think it no disgrace to enjoy the hospitality of Colonel WAUGH, or to sit down to dinner with SIMON LEGREE, we don't know. We believe, however, that such are not the sentiments of the majority of the English people, or of the Scotch people either.

But then our contemporary is sure that it is not LOUIS NAPOLEON who will do the English lords harm, but the English lords who will do LOUIS NAPOLEON good. The scheme and the apology are not original. It is the old excuse of the pious young lady who is bent on marrying a scapegrace—she is always going to reform him. But Lord PALMERSTON is neither a lady, nor is he young; and this apology urged in his behalf sounds more like the excuse of the elderly rake who, when detected in questionable haunts, pleads that he is bent on a mission of conversion. We don't often find that the objects of the young ladies' affection, or of the old missionary's piety, are much the better for their solicitude; but it seldom happens that people who have a taste for trading in pitch manage to keep their fingers clean. We do not see much evidence of that progress on the other side of the Channel in English principles or English practice, which these simple-minded instructors are supposed to have been commissioned to inculcate on the ruler of France. But no man can have watched the foreign policy of the PALMERSTON

Administration without seeing in every act the predominance of French influence, and of subservience to Imperial dictation. Was it at the instigation of the English Government that the fall of the Malakoff was the moment chosen for closing the Russian war? We are told, indeed, that at the Paris Conference the English plenipotentiary was the firm antagonist of France. We do not know where the evidence of the truth of this assertion is to be found. There was, indeed, one incident in these Conferences which it is not easy to forget. The French Government thought it a good opportunity to achieve a master-stroke in their conspiracy against liberty in Europe by recording on the protocols of a European Congress an attack on the Belgian press. No voice was raised, no remonstrance was heard from the Minister of a free people, in favour of principles which he may perhaps profess to respect, but which he had not the spirit to defend. The affair of Naples followed at no great distance. It was subservience to French policy, and the timidity which dared not venture on independent action, that placed England in the ridiculous situation from which public impatience at last rescued her.

We say nothing of the tameness with which the WALEWSKI despatch was accepted, or of the dictation under which the Conspiracy Bill was produced. The judgment of the English people has already passed, and condign execution has been done on those closing acts of a too consistent submissiveness. We do not think it likely that the attainer will be reversed, now that the verdict is more than ever justified by an incident which shows that it is the power, and not the will, which is wanting to place the conscience of England in the keeping of the French EMPEROR. But the mischievousness of the act is happily neutralized by its folly. Of all the characters which Lord PALMERSTON has filled in the course of a chequered career, there is none on which he will have less occasion to congratulate himself than his feat of horsemanship at Compiègne, when he condescended to play the part of Mr. Merryman—"to come for to go for to fetch 'for to carry'"—in the circus of LOUIS NAPOLEON.

MR. GLADSTONE'S IONIAN MISSION.

IF the publication of Sir JOHN YOUNG's unfortunate despatch had been avowed by the Government, it would probably have been followed by Mr. GLADSTONE's resignation. Even the accidental promulgation of instructions which could only have been carried out under the strictest secrecy might furnish something more than an excuse for withdrawing from a blundering and hopeless undertaking; but the unknown motive which induced Mr. GLADSTONE to accept a commission from Sir BULWER LYTTON is probably strong enough to ensure his perseverance under unexpected difficulties. The work of exchanging a troublesome duty for a wrongful acquisition might in itself be unpalatable to a scrupulously conscientious statesman; but an intellect accustomed to grapple with moral difficulties may perhaps find an attraction in the task of proving that by relinquishing the onerous Septinsular Protectorate, and annexing the most desirable territory of the Republic, England will display that self-denying respect for rights and treaties which Mr. GLADSTONE has often urged upon his countrymen. The triumph of logic will be the more brilliant now that the mystery is dispelled which attended the first announcement of his mission. All Europe is aware that the Government desires to evade the obligations incurred at Vienna, as well as to violate the engagements which have been solemnly entered into with the inhabitants of the Ionian Islands. The Federation which was entrusted to the protection of England is to be summarily dissolved, and the fortress which was to be restored to the Republic if the Protectorate were at any time abandoned is to become a part of the QUEEN's dominions, because Sir JOHN YOUNG fancies that its guns command a channel fifty miles across.

Gazetted to an illegal office, for the purpose of founding an impossible negotiation on an unnecessary inquiry, Mr. GLADSTONE would scarcely have felt his position sufficiently paradoxical if he had not, at the commencement of the business, been unintentionally betrayed by his employers. There would undoubtedly be a certain awkwardness in throwing up a brief because its contents had unluckily transpired. The Emperor NICHOLAS was confirmed in his projects by the publication of his curious conversations with Sir HAMILTON SEYMOUR, and Mr. GLADSTONE will perhaps feel himself, under the present untoward circumstances, doubly bound to talk over Ionian malcontents and Austrian

diplomats, the Government, the House of Commons, and himself. Lord DERBY and his colleagues may probably be not the least unwilling to believe in the policy which they have initiated for the purpose of winning over a valuable adherent. The scheme which Lord PALMERSTON's Cabinet had wisely consigned to the pigeon-holes of Downing-street furnished an opportunity for opening friendly relations with Mr. GLADSTONE, and the Colonial Minister probably supposed that a dependency corresponding with his department must be neither more nor less than a colony. From beginning to end of the first semi-official announcement of the appointment, it was assumed that the inhabitants of the islands were undoubted subjects of the British Crown; but the discussion which has already taken place must have satisfied Sir BULWER LYTTON that the question which he has rashly proposed is not to be solved by a Ministerial despatch or by an Order in Council. Recent experience has not diminished the repugnance of prudent statesmen to engage in any business which allows of interference by foreign Powers. The withdrawal of British garrisons from their accustomed ports, and the substitution of an alien flag for the union-jack, will always be unpopular measures, even when they are dictated by the clearest motives of policy; but the proposal of abandoning five of the seven islands in accordance with the decisions of a Congress would inevitably be rejected by an irresistible national feeling. Mr. DISRAELI will postpone the claims of the Ionians to the safety of the Ministry as willingly as he sacrificed their substantial interests to the hope of conciliating Mr. GLADSTONE.

The publication of the scheme which was last year disavowed as a hypothetical act of treason, may possibly moderate the ostensible enthusiasm of the supernumerary High Commissioner's reception; but, on the whole, it may be expected that the local intriguers and demagogues will not fail to profit by the occasion for displaying their well-known ingenuity. Any secular or ecclesiastical bias which may be supposed to exist in the mind of their distinguished visitor will be studied and humoured by an appropriate arrangement of facts, and by a suitable selection of grievances. Mr. GLADSTONE is too sound an antiquarian to believe in the statements of local guides, who will be happy to point out to him Alcimus's garden, or Nausicaa's drying-ground by the shore; and it is to be hoped that he will be equally on his guard against displays of Hellenic patriotism and complaints of English oppression. It is a curious peculiarity in Sir JOHN YOUNG's despatch, that it accuses the Assembly of almost the only factious act of which they are wholly innocent. The indigenous patriots have not interfered with the pensions of English officials, and they will probably be surprised to find that the charge proceeds from a sympathetic quarter. It is not impossible that, in deference to what will appear to be the popular feeling, Mr. GLADSTONE may recommend the abandonment of Corfu, as well as of the smaller islands; and the measure, with all its difficulties, would not be so indefensible as Sir JOHN YOUNG's thoughtless proposal. Whatever may be the result of the mission, Ionian orators will do well to brawl their loudest and last; for if the English Protectorate is to be maintained, it must henceforth assert itself as inviolable, and the fate of liberty in other hands requires little sagacity to anticipate. The members of the Athenian Parliament are nominated by the Court, and none of the great monarchies would tolerate for a single session the existence of a deliberative assembly. The Ionian State was not the only Republic established at Vienna under the guarantee of protecting Powers. Russia, Austria, and Prussia bound themselves to maintain the independence of Cracow, and they administered it as an outlying police district until, after thirty years, it became more convenient to convert the fiction of liberty into a form corresponding with the fact. Sir THOMAS MAITLAND and his earlier successors undertook, in good faith and with considerable success, the improvement of the territories which an anomalous arrangement had placed under the influence of England. Lord SEATON's ill-judged gift of a democratic constitution has been exclusively used for the purpose of undermining the only foundation on which it rests.

Politicians at home will probably think more of Mr. GLADSTONE than of Corfu, for the adhesion of the first orator in the House of Commons to Lord DERBY's Government may materially affect the comparative strength of Parliamentary parties. There can be no doubt that his acceptance of temporary office indicates a disposition to form a nearer connexion with the Ministry which he has repeatedly defended in debate, but the difficulties of an actual coalition

can scarcely be overcome until the present leader of the House of Commons has been persuaded or tempted to relinquish his position. Mr. GLADSTONE is a scientific financier, and a purist in political morality; while his rival and former opponent deals in Budgets made for show, and in Parliamentary combinations devised for the purpose of embarrassing his opponents. A colleague of strong convictions exercising commanding influence would render Mr. DISRAELI's presence useless in the Cabinet. The meanderings of an over-subtle intellect guided and restrained by a conscience fertile in scruples, would never coincide with the zigzag advances of a clever party diplomatist. Personal jealousies may be set aside by a magnanimous determination, but there are inherent incompatibilities of character which no effort of the will can overcome.

The obvious difficulty of the impending alliance has perhaps given rise to the rumour that Mr. DISRAELI is to be bought off, at the cost of the greatest office in the gift of the English Crown, by the party which has unwillingly accepted his guidance. It would be strange, however, if Mr. GLADSTONE's mission were to serve as a stepping-stone for his former opponent to the Viceregal throne of India, and it is scarcely possible that any Ministry should publish so early a commentary on the proclamation which is to announce the direct assumption of sovereignty by the Crown. The project of forcing Lord CANNING to resign that his successor may vacate the leadership of the House of Commons, has undoubtedly been applauded by zealous partisans as an ingenious method of reconciling rival pretensions; but the India Bill is still in its first year of trial, and the warnings of those who deprecated a wanton change cannot have been altogether forgotten. The nomination by the Minister of a Governor-General whom the Court of Directors would have summarily vetoed, with the universal approbation of the country, is a measure which might well alarm even the capricious conscience of a Parliamentary majority. The mere discussion of such a scheme is, like the mission of Mr. GLADSTONE to Corfu, a proof of the facility with which great public interests may be sacrificed to party convenience.

M. DE MONTALEMBERT.

THE sentence on M. DE MONTALEMBERT can scarcely be called an additional event in the history of the transaction. From the moment the prosecution was resolved upon its result was certain. In a state of things where law and justice are alike set at nought, the form of a trial is a mere farce. The judges are nothing more than the creatures appointed to register the will of the MINISTER of the INTERIOR. As if to illustrate more strikingly the true nature of the proceeding, that publicity which is the first element in the administration of justice, has been rigorously excluded. Tyranny is at least careful of the dramatic proprieties, and takes care that Liberty shall be strangled off the stage. Under such circumstances, it would be ridiculous to insist on the futility of the charges, and the total insufficiency of the incriminated passages to support the allegations of the indictment. The law by which M. DE MONTALEMBERT has been condemned is the same law by which the National Assembly was dissolved, and the ORLEANS property confiscated—the law of the sword. Of his sentence there is little to be said, except that its precise terms were probably settled at Compiègne—possibly in consultation with the “two men of the world,” who doubtless “shrugged their shoulders” at the liberty of the press in the *salon*. Whether Lords PALMERSTON and CLARENDON were in favour of aggravating or of mitigating the penalty, the authorities who keep us informed of their feats of horsemanship have not revealed. We shall perhaps have the benefit of their French experiences in a new law of the Press to be laid on the table of the House of Commons. The extremely practical and expeditious character of the foreign procedure can hardly have failed to attract their sympathy and admiration.

To M. DE MONTALEMBERT himself we can offer nothing but congratulations. To have been selected as the foremost object of the Imperial hatred in itself sums up all praise. To be entirely detested by the base, a man must be of a noble nature. To be feared by the strong, a man must have genius and virtue. The offence charged against him is that of having “spoken against the Government of the EMPEROR;” and therein he has offended in common with all that is great and wise and good, not in France only, but in Europe. To be condemned in such a cause is to receive at once a martyr's

crown and a conqueror's wreath. With congenial generosity the Imperial sycophants, both in his own country and in England—for, unfortunately, it is not in the degraded press of France alone that flattery can be bought—have selected the moment of his prosecution to heap insults and reproaches on his head. The honour of these gentlemen is exactly on a level with their courage. M. DE MONTALEMBERT may have committed errors, but this is not the moment when even an enemy not lost to all sense of shame would cast them in his teeth. But Imperialism, true to its Corsican origin, stabs in the back, and seeks to dishonour the victims it has pillaged. The perfidy of its Italian temper is a stranger alike to gratitude, humanity, or remorse. Some persons have been weak enough to express surprise at the personal ingratitude of LOUIS NAPOLEON to a man who had rendered him signal service. We cannot admire their sagacity or discernment. If ingratitude had been absent in the composition of such a character, it would have given the lie to the true saying of the poet, that ingratitude in itself comprehends all vice. We touch this topic with regret, because it forces on our attention the one incident of his public career with which M. DE MONTALEMBERT has occasion to reproach himself. He has since made noble amends for the facility with which he permitted his credulity to be practised upon by the falsehoods of the nascent Empire. That he should have allowed himself ever to be deceived as to the true character of that monstrous wickedness, was a fault which he has bitterly repented, and courageously redeemed. There was but one course for a man of honour who had been the dupe of the Empire—M. DE MONTALEMBERT has embraced it in becoming its victim. His backsliding was as the backsliding of CRANMER—if M. DE MONTALEMBERT will permit us so Protestant an illustration; but, like CRANMER, he has purified his erring hand in the fire of persecution from the defilement it had contracted.

No man who is not wholly ignorant of political affairs can fail to see that, after all, it is not for M. DE MONTALEMBERT that this business assumes the most menacing aspect. In six months M. DE MONTALEMBERT will be free, and, whatever else may happen, the cause for which he is prosecuted will be alive. But will any prudent politician stake his reputation on the assertion that the French Empire will certainly be in existence six months? That is an event on which no man who values his prophetic character will hazard a prediction. It is on this account that we reject the counsels of the cowardly and the base, which are on every side pressed on those who venture to maintain the cause of justice and of truth. We are implored to desist from a struggle which we are assured is vain, and to acquiesce in a system which is supposed to be immortal. We are told that this is no affair of ours—that the French Government is the choice of the French people—that it may not be congenial to our ideas, but that it is good enough for those who like it—that after all LOUIS NAPOLEON is a great man, and a very good friend to England—that Cherbourg is very strong, and that it is very foolish to offend a man who can do us so much harm—that liberty, it is true, is a very fine thing, but is not worth making quite so much fuss about—that the real and legitimate use of breath is to cool porridge, and that the expenditure of it for other purposes is certainly unwise, and may be dangerous. Now, we assure the gentlemen who argue after this fashion, that we are not about to offend their susceptibilities by employing reasonings which they cannot comprehend, or appealing to sympathies which they are incapable of appreciating. We only wish, in stating their views as simply and as fairly as we know how, to show them that we understand the position which they have thought fit to take up. We shall not trouble them with any reflections into which the conceptions of truth, of justice, of honour, or of virtue must necessarily enter. We will meet them on their own ground. We undertake to maintain that the sycophancy which they so sedulously practise and so earnestly preach is essentially a bad speculation. We don't trouble ourselves to adduce any other argument against it, except the unanswerable objection that it *won't pay*. What we are asked to do is to back the luck of that gigantic bubble, the French Empire; and the stake which it is proposed to place on the board is the honour and reputation of England. This is the *coup* which Lord PALMERSTON was prepared to play; but happily it was not too late to draw the game before the die was cast. For our part, we protest against so fatal a speculation. We refuse—we will not say because we do not choose to share the guilty gains of a disreputable firm, for we know there are men who think that success, like gold, can never stink—but because

we are firmly convinced the odds are against these men. How long this joint-stock fraud may endure, it is of course impossible to predict. Whether the men who have played the part of voluntary "bonnets" to this Imperial swindle may survive to see its fall, no man can tell. But this, at least, is certain—that one day the French and the English nations will stand face to face, gazing on the ruins of the Empire; and we want to know whether, in that moment, it will seem a better speculation to have flattered the oppressor or to have sympathized with the oppressed—whether, when the chains of tyranny are finally broken, the goodwill of the enfranchised serfs will be for those who were the sycophants of the tyrant. What may be the term allotted to the Empire, is only known to that Providence which visits mankind with pestilence, and famine, and war; but of this we are very sure—that when the Empire is rotting in its grave, the soul, the intelligence, the virtue of France will still survive.

On the whole, merely on mercenary considerations, we prefer to be on the winning side. If the Imperial system showed any symptoms of growing strength, any hope of permanent duration, there might be something to be said for the gamblers who are ready to hazard all in its favour. But every sign by which history has ever indicated a certain destruction is branded on its brow. Its violence attests its weakness, its suspiciousness betrays its conscious uneasiness, its impatience of touch reveals the rottenness of its core. It has already arrived at the terrors of the last days of CROMWELL. It is to purchase the favour of this bankrupt project that we are asked to deny all the principles in which we have lived, to betray the faith in which we have been born, to dishonour the fame which we have inherited. If we are to gamble for such stakes, we must have better odds. We cannot afford in the long game to back force and fraud against truth and justice—if for no other reason, because we are sure they will not win. We advise our censors not to stand to win on the Empire—the day will come when they may repent that they did not "hedge" by a prudent misgiving as to the perpetual success of violence and fraud. For our part, our choice is made. We will back the cause for which M. DE MONTALEMBERT lies in his prison against the title by which LOUIS NAPOLEON sits on his throne.

SHIPOWNERS' GRIEVANCES.

IT must be a very distressing thing to represent an "interest," as the members for the Northern shipping boroughs have lately experienced. Every one cannot have a snug family constituency; and after the next Reform Bill, we suppose the last of such pleasant retreats will be swept away. But without pressing a contrast so invidious as this, the inconveniences of a borough which is wholly absorbed in any special occupation are manifest enough. Even a metropolitan constituency, with its everlasting cry of Ballot and No Taxes, must be a joke to one which, at every ill turn of fortune, expects its representatives to sympathize with grievances which exist for the most part only in imagination. The discontented shipowners of North and South Shields have been summoning every member who is in any way connected with them to listen to their complaints, and, with the wisdom which attaches to senatorial dignity, to devise some means of relief, or at least to indorse the modest demand of the shipping interest that the country should retrace its steps and return to the exploded fallacy of Protection. Lord LOVAINE, Mr. MOWBRAY, Mr. FENWICK, and Mr. LINDSAY, managed, on one pretext or another, to evade the pressing invitation, and left Mr. INGHAM and Mr. LIDDELL to bear the brunt of their constituents' importunity. Their position was about as unenviable as that of a suspected witch when subjected to the swimming ordeal. If she floated, she was condemned on the spot—if she sank, she cleared her character at the risk of her life. Much in the same way, the unlucky members had to choose between sacrificing their characters for common sense and consistency, and risking their seats by adhering to the truths of Free-trade. To do them justice, neither Mr. INGHAM nor Mr. LIDDELL promised to back the absurd pretensions of the Protectionist shipowners; but the intense expressions of sympathy, and the ingenious suggestions with which they tried to make their unpopular doctrines palatable, show the embarrassing nature of the dilemma in which they were placed, and should be a warning to all who are ambitious of representing a local interest.

Probably, if they had ventured to speak their minds about this new Protectionist revival, they would simply have told

their friends to wait for better times, and meanwhile to look after their business as keenly as they could, and leave off asking for impossible assistance. This was indeed the real substance of their marvellously diffuse harangues. The shipowners themselves do not seem to care to put forward Protection as their watchword, although what they really ask is nothing less than this. But they say that they do not object to Free-trade, provided it is fair trade. They only insist on protection for their own vessels, until foreign countries have been forced by our reprisals to reciprocate the liberality which has hitherto been so one-sided. This plausible cry was happily stifled without remorse. Mr. INGHAM stoutly told his melancholy friends that reprisals were out of the question, not merely because the mind of the country was set upon Free-trade, but because even one-sided freedom was considerably better than reciprocal jealousy and exclusion. Mr. LIDDELL was a shade more jesuitical, or perhaps a trifle less clear in his perception of the economical theories which he only accepted after the memorable capitulation of Lord DERBY and his party. He was resolved to give practical counsel, and he thought it most unfair to ask a Tory Government, whose reputation would not bear playing tricks with, to risk their tenure of office by attempting to coerce foreign nations into reciprocity by means of the reprisals which the law authorises the Government to adopt. The excellent plan which he suggested was, that the Liberal representatives of the shipping interest should move for a Committee on the subject, whose report would perhaps induce the House of Commons to urge upon a once Protectionist party the duty of laying restrictions on foreign shipping. The scheme was quite as good as the old project of belling the cat. It would be certain to succeed, if only a Liberal Committee could be found to hang Protectionist theories about the neck of the House of Commons, and if a Free-trade Parliament could be persuaded to submit to the indignity. But the proposal served its purpose, and enabled Mr. LIDDELL to win the cheers of his friends at the very moment when he was refusing to recommend their policy.

There may, perhaps, be a lurking idea, even among more earnest Free-traders than Mr. LIDDELL appears to be, that the notion of forcing foreigners to treat us fairly by threatening to withdraw the privileges we have conceded, is not altogether unfair. But the unanswerable objection to such a policy is, not that it would be unjust, but that it would be unsuccessful. If, by enduring protection prices for a month or two, we could bring all the world to agree to universal Free-trade, there would be something to be said in favour of retaliation. But the spirit of reprisals is the same as that of war, and the prudence of rushing into such hazardous courses must be measured in both cases by the same considerations. Hostile tariffs and hostile expeditions are only different modes of bringing foreigners to terms, and as neither can be indulged in without inflicting loss upon ourselves, it is only in the prospect of a satisfactory treaty that any justification for them can be found. Very little argument is needed to prove that a war of commercial reprisals would be a failure. Englishmen who have tasted the benefits of freedom, so far at least as their own ports are concerned, would feel the injury caused by the exclusion of foreign shipping far more acutely than the countries against whom the measure was directed. Abroad one interest only would be attacked—at home every consumer would find himself taxed for the benefit of the shipowners. Such a contest would be pre-eminently unpopular here, and foreigners who were still bent on reserving special privileges for their own shipping would know that, without any concession on their part, we should be soon weary of continuing so suicidal a policy as that of retaliation. If England engaged in a struggle where her own offensive measures were more mischievous to herself than to her opponents, the result would scarcely be doubtful; and it is undeniable that reprisals against foreign shipping would do more injury to our commerce than to the strangers whom we might wish to coerce into reciprocity.

But though compulsory means are not likely to succeed, it would be most desirable to obtain for our shipping the same privileges in foreign ports which we concede to strangers who visit ours. The shipowners have rather kept in the background the extent of the concessions which have already been made; but though these are far short of what we have a right to expect, they afford reasonable ground for anticipating more satisfactory treatment hereafter. The merchants and consumers of the United States, for example, must have felt the benefit derived from the

competition of British shipping in their ports, and they cannot fail ultimately to see that they would be still greater gainers if the remaining restrictions were removed. In pressing for reciprocity, we have the interests of foreign nations on our side, and it is their shipowners alone who have any motive to resist a policy which would be equally advantageous to both countries concerned. With nothing but a mistaken theory and a class interest against us, our obvious policy is to be patient and rational, rather than to pique a whole nation into identifying itself with a sectional interest. Sooner or later, America and France must come to their senses; and this mental process, which goes on now, it must be confessed, with lamentable slowness, will certainly not be hastened by enlisting their combativeness in the cause of Protection.

There is one thing, however, besides waiting, which it is in our power to do—and that is, to remove the traces of our old policy which still remain to give to foreign diplomatists flimsy pretexts for rejecting our demands for reciprocal liberality. The cloak of Protection which once enveloped our whole coasts has been thrown off, but there are still shreds and patches left clinging to us at every port. We have given up protection for the shipping of England as a whole, but Newcastle, and Hull, and Bristol, and scores of other ports, have each their petty local protective duties against each other, and against the world. The tolls and dues by which the shipping interest is so severely punished would be bad enough if they were absolutely equal; but as each locality favours its own inhabitants and freemen by discriminating duties, there are few ports in which a foreign ship, or even a British vessel from another port, will not find itself more heavily taxed than the local shipping. Mr. FENWICK, the member for Sunderland, has very opportunely reminded his constituents that these paltry relics of a protective system have more than anything else baffled the attempts of our Governments to obtain concessions from foreign countries. We have furnished them with the ready retort, that our ports are not open on equal terms to all; and though the complaint may be a mere pretext for refusing our requests, it is not quite certain that the want of a pretext might not have turned the scale. It may be hard to convince either a man or a Government against their will, but there are situations in diplomatic intercourse when it is found impossible to reject a proposition to which no plausible objection can be urged.

The abolition of all exceptional privileges in favour of any class of shipping would at any rate make the arguments of Great Britain logically irresistible; and though a good case is not quite conclusive in international affairs, it is apt to prove successful in the long run—more especially when the task is not to reconcile conflicting interests, but merely to induce the rest of the world to appreciate their own interests as keenly as we do ours. It is by going on in our own course, and not by abandoning the principles of our modern legislation, that foreign countries will most easily be led to follow our example.

M. KOSSUTH ON THE CHARACTERISTICS OF NATIONS.

ALL who respect intellectual power, or sympathize with energy of character, must admire the rare faculties and the untiring activity which enable M. KOSSUTH to pursue an independent career in an alien land. There is probably no other instance on record of oratorical success achieved under similar disadvantages, for M. KOSSUTH only acquired his knowledge of English in mature years and through the medium of books. It is not surprising that his past celebrity, and his marvellous triumph over the difficulties of language, should predispose a popular audience to accept his doctrines, nor is it discreditable to himself that, keeping his own objects steadily in view, he should decline to merge the politician in the lecturer. The facility with which the Hungarian exile enlists the feelings of his hearers on his side in his quarrel with Austria furnishes an amusing illustration of the theory that a propensity to foreign interference is the exclusive characteristic of the aristocracy. The citizens of Edinburgh may perhaps not desire an immediate war of liberation, but they applaud every aspiration for the independence of Hungary and of Italy, and if circumstances were favourable, they would not hesitate to urge that the power of England should be thrown into the balance. M. KOSSUTH's latest oration, on the characteristics of three great nations, seems to have proved not less exciting than his more familiar denunciation of the actual condition of Europe. Assemblies, like individuals, take a

natural pleasure in talking, or in being talked to, about themselves. Criticism by a bystander, if it is not too abusive, is necessarily flattering, even though it may affect to discriminate between virtues and failings. The attempt at analysis is itself a compliment; the defects imputed are not unfrequently favourite peculiarities; and the praise is generally direct and simple, while the qualifying censure, courteously disguised in figurative allusions, may pass without too curious an examination of its meaning. The process is still more agreeable when the friendly critic adopts a phraseology but partially intelligible to his hearers; and it cannot be doubted that the inhabitants of Edinburgh were doubly gratified by the discovery that the national character formed a metaphorical element in a somewhat mysterious European compound.

The proposition that Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans correspond respectively to mind, heart, and soul, would puzzle the majority of the representatives of mind if they were called upon to follow out the definition. An ordinary Englishman would embarrass himself with inquiries as to which was which, and who was what; and if, in the course of his lucubrations, he lost the proper order of succession and application, he would probably find it difficult to choose between mind and soul, or between heart and mind. His perceptions might be partially cleared by the further explanation that the three nations are severally distinguished by the possession of intellect, sentiment, and will. Mind or will to England, heart and sentiment to France, soul or intellect to Germany—such is the partition of human nature which is to explain social and political history. Persons who have read, and observed, and thought may probably assume, in the first instance, that the conversion of psychological distinctions into substantive differences between individuals and classes is not likely to terminate in any important discoveries. Mind, soul, and the rest, are names either for the same essence regarded from different points of view, or for qualities and attributes inseparably associated with the thinking principle. Every Englishman and every Frenchman has the same spiritual organization with every German, although their pursuits and tendencies may be widely different. The theory which represents one man as only acting, and another as only feeling or thinking, is wholly incompatible with philosophy and with common experience.

The most effective generalization of the characteristic differences of nations consists in the enunciation of their names. Englishmen are utterly unlike their Continental neighbours, but the contrasts which are to be found in abundance can only be studied in the details of laws, of traditions, and of manners. It is certainly not true that they are exclusively or solely devoted to those industrial processes which are rhetorically described as the subjection of nature to the will of man. France makes better velvet, Saxony competes in the production of broadcloth, and the mixed French and German population of Switzerland works harder, and wanders less into the regions of sentiment and of imagination. It is true that Germans have, since the middle of the last century, almost monopolized philosophical studies; but the faculties of the astronomer, the geologist, and the chemist resemble those which distinguished KANT, FICHTE, and HEGEL, while physical science is as disinterested and elevated in its purposes as the most transcendental philosophy. German metaphysics were originally imported from England, as English manufactures were at an earlier period borrowed from the German inhabitants of the Low Countries. As to literary greatness, Germany has no pretension to compete with England in poetry, or with France in prose. It may be difficult to say whether SWIFT or RABELAIS was the greater master of humour. ROUSSEAU and ST. PIERRE would by their countrymen be thought more pathetic than RICHARDSON or GOLDSMITH. RICHTER, as well as more than one French writer, was inspired by STERNE. Enthusiasm, which might be thought to have a connexion with heart and sentiment, is at least as common in Germany and in England as in any portion of French society. M. KOSSUTH knows history too well to believe that Germans were always dreamers, or Englishmen unequalled spinners of cotton; and he would certainly not wish to encourage in its practical fatalism any nation which should confine its efforts to the development of its own supposed character and tendencies. Soul and sentiment—even democracy and centralization—are at best but phrases, which become mischievous when they are mistaken for the actual qualities and combinations which they represent. The practical mischief of declamatory

speculations of this kind consists in substituting mere abstractions for the institutions which strengthen or correct the indigenous propensities of different races.

Judicious Continental politicians have rarely found much difficulty in discovering favourable contrasts between the working of English institutions and the policy of their own arbitrary and officious rulers; and the extreme democratic party with which M. KOSSUTH has unfortunately identified himself stands alone in its hostility to that liberty which has no connexion with levelling equality. Perhaps it may be true that Englishmen are free because they are Englishmen; but it might be worth while to examine the form in which they have contrived to embody their national peculiarity. In every part of the Continent, attempts have been made to give power to a numerical majority, and, with every advantage of time and circumstance, the multitude has been unable either to govern or to constitute a free government. It is possible that Englishmen might have kept despotism at bay even if they had been embarrassed by universal suffrage, but they have never tried the experiment. The accumulation of private fortunes, and the distribution of landed property in unequal masses, have produced men who can afford the leisure and the expense of administering local affairs without the help of Government officials. A French department without a resident landlord, or a trader of 200*l.* a year, naturally finds itself at the feet of a prefect. A priesthood of married gentlemen is found, accidentally or otherwise, to interfere with the consciences of the laity far less than a purely professional and ill-paid clergy; and yet no French, German, or Hungarian theorist can tolerate an ecclesiastical aristocracy which conflicts, not with the interest of the nation, but with his own out and dried schemes of political organization. It is, in short, unnecessary to explain the divergence of travellers who have never tried or intended to follow the same road to their destination. Up-hill and down-hill, by path and by highway, England has arrived at the goal of freedom; and if other nations insist on taking arbitrary short cuts, no more refined explanation of their failure is required. Germany would perhaps have less time to philosophize but for the six-and-thirty princes who render any national unity of purpose impossible. France, with a landed gentry and with an independent clergy, might not be subject to the military rule which seems to offer little encouragement to heart and to sentiment. The mind or will of England has hitherto chiefly resided in the dominant minority which has most truly represented the nation as a whole. M. KOSSUTH shared in the noble struggle of aristocratic Hungary, and the cause broke down when he demanded the institution of a Jacobinical Republic. Experience ought to suggest the inquiry whether the historical conditions of liberty are altogether casual and worthless.

THE NEW FOREIGN OFFICE.

WE believe that we shall not be found to be premature or incorrect in making the announcement that Mr. G. G. SCOTT's design for the Foreign Office has been selected by the Government. To say that we hail this decision with unqualified satisfaction is only to anticipate the general voice both of the profession and the public; but as we have for some time given much attention to the subject in these columns, we have special reason to congratulate both the authorities and the artist on a result which is alike creditable to them and important on general grounds of taste and utility. We must recapitulate the steps by which this result has been attained. The Parliamentary Committee disposed effectually, as we have already observed, of Mr. PENNETHORNE, and of the preposterous claim of that respectable surveyor to an indefeasible right of erecting every building to be paid for by public money. Other reasons, entirely satisfactory, rendered it impossible to employ Messrs. COE and HOFLAND, to whose design, by a singular accident, and contrary to the judgment of the professional assessors, the first prize in the competition was awarded. The whole artistic field was thus thrown open to the Government. They were not bound to employ any of the prizemen, but, with a good feeling and good sense honourable to them, they felt that the designs of Messrs. BANKS and BARRY, and of Mr. SCOTT, had established a prerogative of choice. In this decision they are justified by the recommendation of the Select Committee, who clearly enough indicated that the choice ought to be between Messrs. BANKS and BARRY and Mr. SCOTT. Here the selection was delicate, but there were

extraneous elements which helped to settle it. The competition, it will be remembered, was for two offices—a Foreign Office and a War Office; and in both competitions Mr. SCOTT held the second place, while, though in one Messrs. BANKS and BARRY were first, in the other they were not prizemen. That is to say, representing the matter in the ordinary formula of examiners, if we suppose that in each competition the highest number of marks was one hundred, decreasing by ten on each place in the class list, the sum of Mr. SCOTT's merits would be one hundred and eighty against one hundred gained by Messrs. BANKS and BARRY. On this, the merely mechanical and technical ground, the award of the Foreign Office to Mr. SCOTT is unassailable.

But we vindicate it on higher grounds. The choice was between Italian, as represented by Messrs. BANKS and BARRY, and Pointed as designed by Mr. SCOTT. Then, we argue, both the *genius loci* and the propriety of the thing are in favour of Gothic. Westminster has its architectural character which it would be simple barbarism and blindness to forget. The Abbey decided the style of the Houses of Parliament more than twenty years ago, and common sense and taste alike precluded the possibility of contradicting the existing *motif*. The public offices must ultimately range from Downing Street to Great George Street; and the question was whether the architectural future of the only architectural quarter of London was to be prescribed by BARRY's Treasury or by BARRY's Palace of Westminster—by the time-honoured Abbey, the very finest church in England, and in its degree among the very finest in the world, or by the tame and mediocre buildings of Whitehall. When the case was narrowed down to this elementary problem, the decision could not be doubtful for an instant.

But not only was the *ordonnance* of the new Foreign Office—or rather the whole group of Government offices—dictated by the existing Gothic, but the propriety of the style, of which Mr. SCOTT is the acknowledged living master, is vindicated upon other grounds. It is a native indigenous art, while Italian is only imported, and, like other exotics or accidental varieties, has worn itself out. The club-houses of London have absolutely exhausted Italian—though we are glad to say that the Italian design of Messrs. BANKS and BARRY is good of its kind. Still, even when manipulated by the genius that is hereditary in the BARRY family, Italian is characterless; while Mr. SCOTT's design is alive with beauty and grace. It is not a mere cento from the glossary and print-books, like too much of our ecclesiastical Pointed, but a regular and natural development of Pointed, applied as Mr. SCOTT, in a literary capacity, has shown that he can apply the plastic facilities of Gothic to a secular use. And it is not sulkily English, but, with the grace of the Palaces of Venice, it borrows and adapts the best features of the best art of France. Nor was there anything to choose on the essential points of convenience and cost in favour of Italian. The Parliamentary Committee, as in duty bound, searched narrowly into that question, and found that, as regarded light, air, access, and so forth, the style need make no difference. With reference to light, for instance, Mr. SCOTT had not run into the usual folly of blocking up his windows with narrow mullions, and darkening them with diamond panes, but they would be full as broad, and full as fit for sash-windows of plate glass, as if they had been Georgian instead of Gothic. As to cost, Mr. HUNT, the Government surveyor, reckoned Messrs. BANKS and BARRY's design at 217,000*l.*, Mr. SCOTT's at 232,000*l.*; but this small excess could be easily cut down by leaving out one or two non-essential though striking features. It would have been a blunder of the first magnitude, then, had the authorities chosen a dull building instead of a beautiful one, when the convenience and the cost were the same.

Many persons are disposed, doubtless, to cling to the stupid tradition that Pointed art is unfit for civil buildings. The Oxford Museum is happily rising as a practical contradiction to this prejudice, which, we believe, is fast dying away; and as travel and thought expand, people are beginning to wonder how they could ever have imagined, in the very face of Westminster Hall and the Houses of Parliament, that Gothic would not do for civil buildings, when they have seen it so applied with admirable fitness and convenience, as well as beauty, at Bruges, Ghent, Louvain, Rouen, Nuremberg, Venice, Verona, and elsewhere abroad, to say nothing of Oxford and Cambridge.

For once, then, we have to congratulate ourselves on the prospect of a building rising among us in itself of exquisite design, admirably suited to its locality, harmonizing with and

completing a group of edifices already unequalled in Europe, suggestive to the popular mind, alike truthful and graceful, convenient as well as ornamental. It is designed by one who will give his whole mind and energy to what must be his masterpiece—who, at Doncaster and elsewhere, has grappled, and with entire success, with the most difficult and trying problems of his art—and who to its literature, practice, and experience, adds the resources of genius and originality. The new Foreign Office, and the selection of its architect, are, we repeat, creditable to the Government, creditable to the perseverance of those who have advocated and successfully vindicated the claims of Pointed art, and creditable to an age which has recognised and established those claims.

We have said that the design of Messrs. BANKS and BARRY was able of its kind. We say more. We believe that, had these accomplished artists chosen, they would have proved even more formidable rivals to Mr. SCOTT than the event has decided. In their design for the War Office, which in the judgment of the professional assessors merited a prize, they showed their skill in Pointed work; and certainly the opportunity must occur for employing in the public service talent which has in this competition displayed itself so conspicuously. Other public works are looming in the distance. The Government Offices, at no very remote period, must concentrate themselves on this noble site, and in the ranks of the prizemen there are several, among whom Messrs. BANKS and BARRY already occupy a distinguished place, whose claim to contribute to the great series of Pointed buildings is incontestable. Nor can we dismiss the subject without another reflection. It has fallen to ourselves to take especial interest in this matter. We have vindicated the propriety of a fair competition, and we have accompanied, not without criticism, the steps by which that competition was likely to be foiled—the errors of the judges and the jobbing of officials. When everything was in the utmost confusion—when the first prize was awarded in a very unlucky quarter—when the architects were simply wrangling without aim, object, or plan—we invoked the aid of a full and fairly conducted Parliamentary inquiry. That inquiry was made by the Committee over which Mr. BERESFORD HOPE presided, and we have already expressed our sense of its value. It brought out all the facts of the case; it established the imminent dangers with which Art was menaced by the despotism of Mr. PENNETHORNE; it awakened and guided public opinion to the superior claims of Pointed Art, at least with reference to the special object in view; and above all it exhausted the arguments of the Classicists, and showed their extreme narrowness. The Parliamentary Committee showed that, after all, an independent tribunal, sitting apart from and above the circle of professional jealousy or partisanship, simply guided by good taste and a desire to serve the public—utterly ignorant, and therefore utterly careless, of all the influences with which association, time, and inveterate habits of jobbing had perverted the judgment of officials—indifferent alike to the traditions of the Woods and Forests, or the tasteless requirements of the other Government offices—was the best to settle a perplexed question of this sort. To Mr. BERESFORD HOPE, who to an entire devotion to the subject and knowledge of art added a happy skill, tact, and patience in working the Committee, much of this success is owing. In the first instance, the memorial of the architects, complaining of the bad faith shown by the Government towards the competitors, was committed to the care of the member for Maidstone, and he at once made the subject his own. Mr. HOPE moved for the Committee, and took the stroke oar in its deliberations; and throughout this difficult and delicate transaction, he has exhibited not only an inherited skill in art, but powers of business of a high order. The profession as well as the public have reason to be thankful that for once the best man has been found for a very important national work, and that complications and difficulties have been removed by the combination of individual energy with the general sense of fairness and justice.

MEDIOCRE POETRY.

IF the gods do not permit poets to be mediocre, the booksellers do. Last week one single publishing house sent out three new volumes by three new mediocre poets. There is a volume called *Tonica*, and a volume of "Poems, by Henry Cecil." But the third, which is called, "Poems, by Ada Trevanion," is a good specimen of what mediocre poetry really is. These poems are not great, or deep, or clever, but still they have no other prominent fault than that they are mediocre. They describe, in

the writer's own language, the writer's own feelings. The language is good, though not very good—the feelings are healthy and natural, though very ordinary. The mediocrity is unquestionable, but it is genuine. In judging of poems like these, are men to side with the gods or the booksellers? Clearly, we may leave the booksellers to sell, as they best can, all the imitation-exercises of which what is reckoned as mediocre poetry generally consists. The writers do not really give us mediocre poetry, but only verse-making, deserving here and there a high mark. Ada Trevanion, though probably not in the least cleverer, or more thoughtful or better read, than her rivals, does give us mediocre poetry, because she puts the natural thoughts of a pensive mind in the natural language of a cultivated taste; and mediocre poetry of this sort has always a certain value. It is not a value which ambitious young poets would much care that their poems should attain, but in its own sphere and degree it really exists.

Why does Ada Trevanion write verses? Because she feels emotions of sorrow and joy, of pleasure and pain, such as most young women of sensibility have repeatedly experienced; but also because she has not allowed these emotions to pass away with their usual rapidity, and the means she has taken to arrest their flight is to go through the troublesome process of putting them into verse. This is the value of mediocre poetry. It records, in a way that exacts labour, the prolongation of real feeling. If the language is too slipshod, poor, or halting, or if the feeling is strained, perverted, or artificial, the poetry is not mediocre, but bad. Ada Trevanion keeps very closely to a few themes. She recollects a happy childhood—she has undergone the trials of love and of separation from beloved persons—she looks forward to another world—she has a hearty pleasure in being out of doors. These may be said to be the normal feelings of English ladies who are unmarried and have survived their first youth. But in those who are not mediocre poetesses, these feelings are faint, vague, and transient. Yet that they should be strong, definite, and habitual is the greatest gain that the individual mind can possess. The curse of advancing life is the deadening of emotion—the consciousness that we know all about childish joys and youthful loves, and rocks, forests, and setting suns. The habit of verse-making is a powerful aid in getting rid of this incubus on life. Reading great poets is a more obvious and perhaps a more elevating means of attaining the same object, but the composition of verses has the great advantage that it concentrates our thoughts by the trouble it gives. It also strengthens the emotions by connecting them with the history of individuals and the character of particular persons. For instance, a person of some sensibility goes out in a summer evening beneath a starry sky. If young, he probably finds that the very vagueness of his thoughts gives him a sense of novelty and of grandeur which has its charm and its superiority. But all things that are vague are incapable of repetition, and as years go on, the emotion awakened under similar circumstances lessens every summer. A well-read person strives against this by calling to mind passages which he thinks appropriate from good poets. If his mind is powerful and meditative without being creative, he cannot do better. He prevents in this way the diminution of feeling which he dreads. But there are minds which always remain on the outside, as it were, of great poetry—which cannot make it fit into their groove, and connect it really with themselves. If, without being creative, they have the faculty of composition, they can reap the greatest benefit from verse-making. They can force themselves to dwell on and to shape the suggestions of the hour. They attach the scene before them to the memory of things they have personally known, and of people they have personally loved. Ada Trevanion is continually under the spell of some inspiring phase of nature, and if she is too mediocre to think any but ordinary thoughts, she is sufficient of a poetess to think long, clearly, and profitably.

It is easier for ladies to shine in mediocre poetry than for men. The wider and more protracted education of men leads them into so many channels of reflection, and makes them acquainted with so many different models, that the desire of imitation and the thirst for ambitious effort press on them more powerfully. A woman is equally susceptible, and far more herself when she begins to write. To her, to be a mediocre poetess is clear gain. She gets far more out of existence by being a versifier than if she were to rest content with the passive triumph of being "a nice person." By all means let superior young ladies, who are susceptible and not very happy, write verses; for if they do not they will write novels, and the verses are much the better occupation of the two. It is not so much that they waste less paper, as that they have a greater chance of coming to something. Strange as it may sound to many lady novelists, a novel requires a plot, an insight into life, and a power of drawing and combining characters. On the contrary, four or five stanzas will do for a minor poem. Ada Trevanion generally gets through what she has to say in a couple of pages. An evening walk may suggest to a tender heart the contrast of strife and repose, of hopeful childhood and disappointed age, of failing earthly love and enduring heavenly love. If the lady who is the subject of the emotion is a mediocre poetess, she connects the thought with her own personal history, or with that of some acquaintance, sufficiently to give body to the expression of her feeling, but not enough to introduce unreal and artificial details. If she is a mediocre novelist, she takes the thought as a hint for a story. She idealizes herself into a heroine, and a friend into a hero, and

on this slender basis she is prepared to build up two or three volumes of incident and criticism.

Nor is it only because it is within their compass that mediocre poetry is a good thing for women. It also leads them into the presence of minds greater than their own. Ada Trevanion has evidently a considerable knowledge of standard English poets, and although she writes not to do a good imitation-exercise, but to express her meaning as well as she can, she sometimes makes a felicitous use of the language of her predecessors. In fact, to write even decent verses requires not only practice, but special training. The poetess must have read poetry, and unless she is of a very tame character, she will naturally be inclined to read poetry of a cast far above her own. And when she sets herself to her task, she has really to work. The novelist has no trouble. She can go on with her dreary semi-clerical conversations *ad infinitum*, and can create a gigantic vice or virtue at a moment's notice. But to shape a tolerable idea into tolerable verse is an intellectual effort. Ada Trevanion pleases us because she shows that her successes have been the fruit of labour, and this is made evident by the roughness and badness of the lines where she has been unsuccessful. Every now and then we come across such lines as—

The shadows of the grave fell round her, murk—

and we do not feel disposed to criticise her very hardly, because she could find no better way of getting in a rhyme to "lurk." We see that composition is an effort to her, and think that the process by which she acquired her customary smoothness and clearness must have been a painful and therefore a useful one to her.

All this is a very good reason why mediocre poetry should be written, but does not so conclusively show that it should be published. Ada Trevanion has, we feel sure, gained greatly by writing this volume, but no one will gain very greatly by reading it. All we can say is, that the love of authorship is so very deep in the human heart that we must not complain of any writer indulging the craving appetite for print, unless the thing printed is wholly foolish and puerile. And there really is a value in such poems as those of Ada Trevanion. They give us an image of what many women are on their best side. Perhaps nowhere can we point to a more satisfactory fruit of Christian civilization than in a volume like this. The works of a writer of genius are always in a measure independent of the steady, daily, domestic influences of the society in which he moves. But when we see a woman, not of genius but essentially mediocre as a writer, expressing in a language she has attained only by cultivation, the sentiments of a genuine susceptibility, a gentle charity, and a refined piety, we get as near as we can to the best flower of ordinary life; and it is by the products of its ordinary life that we must really test the worth of a period, a nation, or a society.

THE REVIVAL OF CHIVALRY.

THE age of Chivalry has not passed away. It is a satisfaction, when there are many more Chevaliers d'Industrie than Bayards in the world, to know that a genuine live Hospitaller is among us. It is announced that Mr. George Bowyer, M.P. for Dundalk, has been created a Knight of Malta by the Grand Hospitaller. At first it was announced that the Cavalier Bowyer had been nominated by the Pope, and was to be installed by Cardinal Wiseman. This statement, however, was withdrawn or modified, and we are assured that the installation has been dispensed with. Not without reason—and a reason analogous to that which was once given for not firing a salute. As, among other substantial grounds, the salute was not fired because there were no guns and no powder, so probably Mr. George Bowyer was not installed because there was no stall—unless there happened to be a bar-parlour at the Jerusalem Gate Tavern in Clerkenwell, which is the only commandery or preceptory belonging to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem with which we are acquainted. We have to regret this because we must say that, if any man thinks proper to become a Knight Hospitaller in these dull prosaic days, he ought to be installed. Let him by all manner of means do the thing thoroughly. Let him rig himself out in the complete steel, and do all that becomes a *preux chevalier*. There is something like shrinking and misgiving in the apologetic and deprecating terms in which Mr. Bowyer requested the public to take notice that he was not to be installed. To the knighthood he pleaded the weakness of the flesh, but on the point of installation he was austere. He might, so he seemed to say, be fool enough to become a Hospitaller, but he was not fool enough to be installed. Well, perhaps, with Dr. Daniel Dove, we might say that he was fool enough for anything, but on the whole we insist that the real fun of the thing would be in the installation. Simply to be called a Hospitaller, and to go about in society with an ordinary black hat and varnished boots, with only the proud internal consciousness that you are a spiritual and chivalrous descendant of Raymond du Puy, and that in an unbroken line you trace your military ancestry up to the twelfth century, would not satisfy us half so much as the substantial and tangible installation.

But as the Cavalier Bowyer did not receive all the honours of his chivalry—and at those hands which would have conferred an additional lustre on them—we own that our curiosity is stimulated to know his exact position in the ancient

order! Is he elected one of the *Cavalieri di Giustizia*, whose qualification depends on his ancient gentility, or is he selected on his merits and ranked among the *Cavalieri di Grazia*? Or in his person are both qualifications combined? To what commandery, priory, or baillieage is the new knight attached? Has he taken the vows? Is he bound to celibacy and poverty? Does he really intend to revive in his own person the old Benedictine rule in its simplicity—or in its modification? Or does he propose to serve as they of old time did in the Jerusalem hospitals—to protect the Christian pilgrims in the Holy Land? Who knows whether, if the Cavalier Bowyer had taken the cross and the lance a few years ago, the European war about the Holy Places might not have been prevented? Had the Hospitallers done their duty and protected the pilgrims, there had been no occasion for the rival claims set up some years ago between France and Russia. We augur great things from Mr. Bowyer's admission into the great military order. *Tam Marti quam Mercurio*. He adds the canonist to the chevalier; to his charity he can join no doubt military order; and at last the world has a chance of seeing revived what Mr. Kenelm Digby has idealized for us. Here is *Tuncredus*—here is *Godefridus*—and here (in its Greek sense at any rate) is *Morus* to boot.

Still we confess that we cannot altogether look at Mr. Bowyer's admission to the great military order without some misgivings. We commit the consideration to the patriotism and public spirit of our religious contemporaries. What if some great conspiracy is going on against the liberties of England and Protestantism, and if this revival of the military orders presages an armed intervention of the hosts of Armageddon in the concerns of this country? Knights of Malta! the thing is suspicious. Here is Mr. Gladstone, who, as the great religious newspaper profoundly and acutely remarks, is gone to Corfu to surrender at least five of the seven islands, in order to make his peace with the Greek Church. There goes one jewel of the British Crown. And here are the Knights of Malta reviving. Why should the Knights of Malta be revived, unless it is to occupy Malta? The Knights of Malta have always kept up their order, just as it is said an Abbot of Westminster is always furtively installed in the Abbey, and the old succession of the Papal hierarchy to all the stalls and dignities in England is reported to be maintained. Can it be that the Third Napoleon is about to undo the sacrifice of the First, and that the treason which dispossessed the Knights of their island fastness in 1798 is to be atoned for in 1858! We are disposed to think our hold on Malta is insecure, now that George Bowyer, Esq., M.P., has become a Hospitaller. The order is likely enough to demand back its sovereign possessions. It will be well if it confines itself to Malta. Cyprus and Rhodes, of course, will soon recede from the feeble grasp of the sick man, and Malta must be rescued from the cupidity of England. Before the confiscation of their property the Knights amounted to 3000, as recently as the end of the last century—who knows that the country is not covered with secret military associations, and that suddenly the land may not be alive, as of old, with armed men? We once knew a Count of the Holy Roman Empire who was an English clergyman; and now that we are assured that Mr. Bowyer is a Hospitaller, arguing from the known to the unknown, we begin to suspect all society. What if the recent converts for example, are all, unbeknown to us, good Knights as well as good Catholics? What if the Templars and the Teutonic Order all survive? What if those mysterious *soirées* of the Cardinal Archbishop really are only military chapters and preceptories of chivalry? What if the Church is really a church militant? What if Brian de Bois Guilbert and Reginald Front de Bouef are really people that you meet at dinner? What a horrid cold sweat must come over the members of the Islington Protestant Institute, when they seriously reflect that Templars and Hospitallers are actually walking about Protestant streets, and, for aught anybody knows, that as the Hospitallers succeeded to the privileges of the Templars, they may be repeating those mysteries which some centuries ago got the other great military order into such a terrible scrape. Only think of men who have been at Oxford and Cambridge, and who sit in the Commons House of Parliament, riding two on one horse, wearing chain-mail and white vests, and screaming out *Beau Seant* in Golden-square.

There is but one solid alleviation of our suspicions. There are, we believe, other Knights of St. John of Jerusalem extant than the famous order which has received its crowning honour in Mr. George Bowyer. Among those queer brotherhoods which exist among us here in London—Odd Fellows, Foresters, and the like—the Knights of St. John are to be found. To be sure, they are rather a vulgar set—poor pothouse artisans, who keep up a benefit society, which they dignify with a very fine name, and once a year stroll out to Highbury Barn, decked out with wreaths, green leaves, and an imposing show of cotton flags and pinchbeck trumpets. They are formidable rivals to the Knights of Malta as they are, though the one dates from Amalfi some hundred years ago, and counts its eight languages, and as many priors and governors, while the other, whose master is but a brazier or tailor, holds its chapters at the Pig and Whistle. But, on the whole, we prefer the Clerkenwell edition of the Knights Hospitallers. They do help each other in sickness, and they do take their pot and pipe cozily at Highbury. In mere tomfoolery, in ridiculous pretensions, and tinsel appointments, the two orders are on an equality; but, on the whole, we have much less disgust at seeing hard-handed mechanics play the fool than

at seeing M.P.'s, writers, and scholars do the same. Of course, if Cardinal Wiseman and the great religious community of which he is the head, think it right to reward its converts and defenders by such trumpery scraps of tinfoil chivalry as a Knight-hood of Malta, it is no concern of ours. But, as we have said, man for man, and brotherhood for brotherhood, we think that there is much less folly in the Foresters and the like of the alums of London, than there is in pretending to be a Hospitaller without the slightest intention of seeing the inside of a hospital. To say the least, we cannot understand how it can be any man's ambition to be a knight without any purpose of chivalry, and to revive all the old—and they must be in Mr. Bowyer's mind very sacred—associations of pilgrimages and holy places, and the recollections of Jerusalem, only to bring them into contempt with men of sense.

LAW AND MORALS.

THERE is a large class of modern writers, of no inconsiderable power and of very great popularity, who appear to consider a constant analysis of motives, feelings, and conduct as the highest excellence of those departments of literature which aim at depicting human nature. None wield the scalpel and the probe for this purpose with so much assiduity and skill as a school of female novelists, of whom Miss Yonge may be taken as the type. They make their characters weigh out their vices and virtues to the last grain and scruple, debiting and crediting the mint, anise, and cummin till it passes all human patience to strike the balance. A very large proportion of our literature shows traces of the same temper, though it is not always accompanied by so many marks of the existence of a very tender conscience. It is a temper which must, we think, be considered as remarkable rather than laudable; and few things are more singular than the fact that this extreme minuteness of observation and delicacy of conscience, which are so influential, and, in some quarters, so much honoured, should be associated—by no accidental tie, but in their very essence—with a theory of morals, and with practices legitimately flowing from that theory, than which nothing can be more intensely unpopular. Little as some persons might be inclined to suspect it, there is the most intimate connexion between the temper to which we have referred, on the one hand, and Jesuitry and the confessional, on the other. Notwithstanding the noisy controversies upon these subjects, it is no less true than characteristic that no one, so far as we know, has taken the pains to point out in a popular form the moral—as opposed to the ecclesiastical or theological—principle from which these consequences flow. The inquiry is, however, not only most interesting, but extremely curious.

It is impossible not to observe in the daily business of life that there are amongst us two classes of persons—classes which by no means correspond to the great divisions of good and bad, conscientious and unconscientious, but which, if we are careful to forget what Bentham would have called the eulogistic and dyslogistic associations which have been gradually affixed to those words, may not unfairly be described as the scrupulous and the unscrupulous. There is a sort of man who, though not more pious than his neighbours, is always doubting whether he may do this or that on a Sunday—whether he can justifiably read a newspaper on that day, and if so, what newspaper, and what parts of it—whether he can make this or that declaration, as, for example, whether he can safely swear that the Pope *hath* not, as well as that he *ought not* to have, jurisdiction in these islands—and so on of an infinite number of similar things. There is, on the other hand, another sort of person who is substantially quite as good a man as his scrupulous neighbour, but to whom minute questions of this kind never present themselves as questions. He is not, perhaps, a model man, but he is neither profane nor insincere, and he has a constitutional facility for taking things easily. He will give signatures, make declarations, and occasionally take oaths, with hardly a feeling of uneasiness, although the form of the oath which he takes may be open to any quantity of misconstruction. His remark upon the matter, if his attention were drawn to it, would probably be that it was only a form, and did not signify.

It is not a very satisfactory explanation of this great diversity of practice and character to say that some people are naturally crotchety, while others are naturally unscrupulous. The fact is, that there are two very opposite theories of morality on which the proceedings of these two classes may respectively be justified; and though the adoption of the one or the other is no doubt determined far more often by natural temperament than by any process of speculation, it is a very curious thing to point out the logical basis of conduct which is decided on without reference to logic. The tacit assumption which lies at the root of all scrupulous morality is that morals form a rigid system, standing in precisely the same relation to the conscience as that which legal rules occupy in civil life, so that it is possible to say definitely of a given act, not only that it is right or wrong, but in what precise degree it falls below the standard, and so incurs guilt, or rises above it, and so possesses merit. This conception forms the fundamental principle of casuistry, and it is to the fact that such a conception is possible, and indeed common and influential, that casuists appeal when they are charged with immorality. It is remarkable that the charge should always be brought against them, and that it should always be popu-

lar, though many persons who join in it would admit the principle from which the practice objected to is derived. The most famous instance of such a charge (as we have lately had occasion to remark) is to be found in Pascal's *Provincial Letters*. It stands upon precisely the same footing as, and is true with a restriction precisely analogous to, those which attend the charge of quibbling and hair-splitting which is always brought against lawyers. Whenever it is possible to announce, in relation to concrete affairs, any definite rule or principle, it inevitably happens that a number of consequences will follow which will uniformly be regarded as absurd and harsh. Law is entirely made up of such principles and rules, and the consequence is that law and lawyers have always been reproached with absurdity and chicanery. There is hardly a department of the law of which this is not true. Thus, for example, theft is a crime which it is necessary to define, and the law defines it accordingly to consist in "taking and carrying away" the property of another. Every one has a very vivid notion of what he means by a theft, every one is apt to suppose that his notion is not only vivid but exact, and most people would probably assent without much difficulty to the legal definition of the crime. They would probably admit, for example, that a man who took hold of another person's horse by the bridle, intending to steal him, and then immediately changed his mind, and let go again, had not actually committed theft, but it would be equally clear that he had committed it if he not only laid hold of the bridle, but mounted and rode off. When, however, the matter is drawn somewhat closer, it assumes a very different appearance; and to any one but a lawyer the definition appears altogether shadowy and absurd when the question of thief or no thief is made to depend on the question whether a man turned over a bale of goods in a cart or whether he only handled it. The attempt to fix the dividing point at which the *locus penitentiae* ends and the crime begins, is exactly like the attempt to say at what precise second the dawn begins, or a man reaches his full stature. Difficult, however, and apparently ludicrous as the task is, it is one which lawyers cannot be relieved from undertaking; for the alternative is the introduction into the law of an element of arbitrary power on the part of judges and juries, which would be a far greater evil than the existence of a debatable land in which it is difficult to determine whether actions are criminal or not.

The questions which have so much discredited casuistry are in principle exactly similar to those which are foolishly supposed to discredit the law. They are all legitimate consequences of the proposition that it is possible to lay down exact and scientific rules of morality, so that, where there are several acts apparently substantially similar, it may be possible to say that some of them are on the right and others on the wrong side of the line. Almost all the propositions quoted by Pascal from the Jesuit moralists would supply illustrations of this. For example, they maintained that it was wrong to agree to fight a duel, but that it was not wrong for a man to tell his adversary that he meant to walk in a field where he knew that he would come to meet him, and that it was equally innocent conduct to defend himself if his antagonist should attack him with a deadly weapon after they had met. It is impossible to deny that such conduct as the Jesuits defended does differ in terms from agreeing to fight a duel. There is no agreement, and in the proper sense of the word there is no duel, for, *ex hypothesi*, the antagonist complacently takes upon himself the responsibility of beginning the fray; but though this may be so, the moral guilt of the two modes of proceeding is precisely the same, unless, indeed, the second be the worse, as being cowardly and hypocritical. It is, however, impossible to avoid the Jesuitical conclusion, if the Jesuitical premises that the rules of morality are susceptible of exact statement is once admitted. Human affairs and human language are so arranged that there never was, and never will be, to the end of time, any moral rule, claiming to be scientific, which will not be found to involve all sorts of absurdities as soon as it is rigidly applied to the details of common life.

It is the more curious to observe the close analogy which exists between the subtleties which are inherent in all systems of law and those which spring out of such views of morality as we have been describing, because casuistry actually is a system of criminal law of the most searching kind. In Roman Catholic countries a system of casuistry is part of the indispensable apparatus of the priesthood. The consequence of assuming the spiritual direction of the consciences of large numbers of people, in respect of all their feelings and actions, is that it is necessary to be provided with a scale setting forth not only whether any particular act is right or wrong, but whether it is right or wrong in a particular degree, and what amount of punishment, in the shape of penance, it has, if wrong, deserved. This, though it is but little understood, is the true point of connexion between casuistry and immorality. Dens, and the other writers who have obtained so unenviable a notoriety amongst Protestants, are in reality the Archbishops or Chittys of the Roman Catholic priesthood; and the immorality which may fairly be imputed to them lies in the general conception of morals on which they proceed, and not in the particular unseemly results at which they may have arrived. The respectable legal authors to whom we have referred might be made to talk most horrible iniquity if the peculiar circumstances under which they wrote were not borne in mind. Thus, Mr. Archbold says, "To kill a child in the mother's womb is no murder;" and again, "It is not murder to kill an alien enemy in time of war." The same author teaches that it is not perjury to swear that A. beat B. with a sword, when,

in fact, he beat him with a stick; nor, under certain circumstances, to take a false oath before Commissioners of Bankruptcy. He says that, if a carrier appropriates a parcel entrusted to him, it is not theft, and many other doctrines equally subversive of all social order might be extracted from his works; but no one considers them immoral, because they only claim to be legal. We believe that excuses somewhat similar in principle might be offered for the most revolting doctrines of the casuists. The real objection to them is that they applied legal rules to a subject matter which had nothing to do with them.

The nature of the opposite theory of morals to that which we have attempted to describe cannot be indicated with any great precision. It rests upon conscience, which, it need hardly be observed, adjudicates rather upon habits and customs than on particular acts. Certain habits (*mores*) are observed to be good, and others to be bad, when tried by the test of general results; and hence it follows that those particular acts which have an affinity to them are looked upon as being good or bad also, though it is impossible to define beforehand what these acts are. It is observed, for example, that lying, hypocrisy, falsehood in all its shapes, is bad, and therefore any particular act which gratifies the disposition to falsehood is to be avoided; but there is no general formula which will enable us to ascertain with precision whether any particular act comes within that category. Moral rules in this theory are not so much scientific as descriptive. Thus, for example, "Thou shalt not steal" would be construed by those who adopted it, not as a prohibition forbidding certain definite acts precisely ascertainable, but as a general direction aimed at an indefinable class of actions which culminate, if such a phrase may be admitted, in open, downright theft. Though this view of the nature of morality has very great recommendations, it is perhaps desirable to point out that it is very liable to abuse. The abuse consists in making the feelings or conscience of an individual the test of right or wrong for all mankind, and thus the greatest laxity or the most rigid asceticism may be held up as the only right and sensible course, according to the temper of the person who makes the assertion. When Theodore Hook signed the Thirty-nine Articles, adding, "Forty, if you like"—when importers perjured themselves by the hour under the system of customhouse-oaths—and when, on the other hand, Wesley maintained that to save money was robbery of the poor—they all erred in erecting a personal instead of a general standard of right and wrong. Hook probably would not have committed forgery, nor would the importers of French wine have perjured themselves at the Old Bailey, nor would Wesley have admitted that property was robbery; but it was merely a personal sentiment which would have prevented them from doing so, for if they had generalized upon their own conduct it could only have been justified by propositions which would have involved these consequences.

How these two opposite theories are to be harmonized, what is the meeting-point of law and morals, how we are to know when it is wise to be scrupulous and when not, are questions of vast interest and importance which we cannot discuss here. But it is very desirable, in the midst of the petty squabbles which arise on these topics, to remember the vast questions which underlie them. The reflection that such questions exist might go far to allay the violence of many of our popular controversialists, if they were capable of entertaining it.

THE EDUCATION COMMISSION.

THE Education Commissioners appointed on the motion of Sir John Pakington, and presided over by the Duke of Newcastle, have begun their work. The first-fruits of their labours appear in the form of a Blue-book, and consist of the instructions issued to the Assistant-Commissioners, together with sundry tabulated forms. There is method in the preliminary steps adopted by the Commissioners, and a fulness aiming at a completeness which is, we fear, almost unattainable, in the scope of the inquiry. But they were "appointed to inquire into the state of popular education in England," and they are about to inquire with a minuteness and elaborateness which, while it reflects admirably the painstaking and conscientious character of the Commissioners, would have been unnecessary were the materials which we already possess trustworthy or complete. If statistics and reports could give us the facts, it might be said that we have already, in the Educational Census of 1851, and the Reports of the School Inspectors, nearly all the materials we can ever get—not all that we want, but all that are attainable. But the Commissioners have other inquiries to make than those dependent on figures, which are always misleading. Besides which, the existing information is not classified; and the Commissioners have mapped out the subject of Education with a completeness and careful division which invest their Instructions with something of the fulness and accuracy of a scientific treatment.

Their first decision is one which it will always be possible to contest, but which strikes us as exhibiting a practical and common-sense view of what can be done in this difficult investigation. Deeming it impossible, and unnecessary were it possible, to complete the educational survey of the whole of England on the scale which they have projected, they have resolved upon selecting ten specimen districts of schools—two metropolitan, two agricultural, two manufacturing, two mining, and two maritime.

Of course it will always be open to say that such districts are not typical—that, for some reason or other, the especial group selected is exceptional, and either in excess or defect of the general condition of education. But the Commissioners may fairly disregard this suspicious criticism. In point of fact, even the most complete analysis of the extant facts of education would only be an element, and that not the most important one, towards the solution of the great State problem; and in working it out, the errors, if any such were committed in the preliminary selection of specimen districts, are unimportant in the result. For the thorough examination of these ten districts, ten Assistant-Commissioners have been appointed, and the instructions to these Assistant-Commissioners are now issued. Never were instructions drawn up so full, searching, and exhaustive; and it argues well for the patient and candid spirit in which the inquiry is to be conducted, that the Commissioners, in the very front of their instructions, require the most rigid and colourless impartiality. Already the Assistant-Commissioners are presumed to have been passed through a moral air-pump in their appointment, and they are supposed to be completely exhausted of prejudice, if not of principle. "They are to dismiss from their minds any conclusions they may have personally derived from the public discussion of late years, because the value of their investigations would be entirely destroyed if they were influenced by any controversial bias, ecclesiastical, political, or economical." Of course, as it is scarcely in the nature of things to find ten persons who, from the necessity of the case, must have given special attention and thought to the subject of education, and yet who have formed no opinions on it—or, having formed them, can prevent them from unconsciously colouring or modifying their investigations—we only take this requisition to mean that the greatest fairness and candour are very properly demanded in the mode of conducting the inquiry. Going to work, then, with their minds one vast sheet of white paper, the Blue-book before us contains ample and most exuberant hints to the Assistant-Commissioners for filling it. Indeed, so ample and so exuberant are the subjects suggested for investigation, that their justification is to be found in the consideration that not above one-half of them can ever be thoroughly dealt with. When you want to know, and must know a great deal, it is better to ask too many questions than too few; and in the long run, imposing as are the tables and complex as are the topics for inquiry, we shall not know too much about the matter. The general heads of inquiry are into—1. The Statistics; and, 2. The Condition, Methods, and Results of Popular Education; and the subjects of examination are not only public schools—that is, the National, the British and Foreign, and the like, but private schools, ranging upwards from the humblest dame school to the lower strata of the commercial ones. Indeed, without calling these private schools into account—forming as they do no less than two-thirds of the extant educational power or impotence of the country—no adequate notion could be gathered of the actual amount or efficiency of popular and elementary education. The Assistant-Commissioners are furnished with skeleton papers devoted to the statistics of (a) public, (b) private, (c) evening, (d) Sunday, and (e) a general enumeration paper. These are to furnish the usual information as to the number and attendance of scholars, the cost of schools, of teachers, the motive force of Government grants, and, in the shape of pupil teachers and capitation money, the sources of income, &c. &c.

But these heads of inquiry, though careful and elaborate almost to excess, form but the least part of the work of an Assistant-Commissioner—or, if not the least, not the most difficult. Each is, in his own district, to ascertain not only such laborious and difficult points as the actual relative proportion of existing elementary education to population, but the age and circumstances under which children leave school. The general inquiry being whether we have schools enough, and those schools of the right sort, the Assistant-Commissioners have to find out whether, generally speaking, education is valued in a district? If not, why not? Are the parents in fault? Are the schools? Do local circumstances, do religious differences, do employers, does poverty interfere? What are the results of the attempts to combine industrial training with ordinary school education? What of the half-time system? What of evening schools, whether as subsidiary or supplemental? Questions such as these form literally not a tithe of the inquiries, under a single head, which the Commissioners desire to institute; and when to all this is added the whole range of questions which are suggested by the mode of education, the efficiency of education, and the subject-matter of education in all the elementary schools of the district—and in those schools, to use the Commissioners' words, "of various religious denominations, whether Church or Dissenting, or of a purely secular character, inspected or uninspected, public or private"—some, but still not an adequate, conception may be formed of what an Assistant-Commissioner has to do. But perhaps an extract from the pregnant and thoughtful Paper of Instructions will best illustrate the enormous field of investigation which the Commissioners hope to cultivate. After premising that "they propose to pursue inquiries into the moral results of education through other channels," the Assistant-Commissioners are told:—

With regard to the intellectual results of education, you should inquire of the employers of labour as to the relative value of educated and uneducated workmen and workwomen as such. You should attempt to collect trustworthy evidence as to the general level of intellectual power amongst

the class in question, always bearing in mind the fact that talent and force of understanding, though powerfully affected by the acquisition of knowledge, differ from it fundamentally. You will endeavour to find out whether men and women who have received a good school education make use of it afterwards, and if so, how, or whether they forget what they have learnt. You will inquire whether those who have received a good education themselves value it more than others for their children. In this point of view, inquiry into evening schools for adults will form a most important feature in your investigations. The statistics of reading-rooms, lectures, &c., might also be usefully combined with the sources of information enumerated above. The character of the books read or the information given there is as important a matter of investigation as the fact that books are read and that information is given.

You should also endeavour to ascertain how far the extension of popular education has favoured the spread of taste; whether it produces an extended demand for music, singing, drawing, and other accomplishments of the same kind.

Personal acquaintance with persons of the labouring classes, educated and not educated, is of course the best source of information, but for this you will not have time or much opportunity. As a substitute you must rely on the evidence of persons who themselves have had this acquaintance. The employers of labourers, the clergy of different denominations, the governors and chaplains of gaols, inspectors of police and other officers of justice, and the shopkeepers whose customers are labourers, must all be able to give much information. Experience will teach you what questions to ask, and when you find an intelligent witness it will be well to take down his answers, read them over to him, receive his corrections and explanations, and then obtain his signature.

You must remember that questions relating to the education of women must be answered in part by persons of their own sex.

Besides all this, they are to learn from personal inspection what class-books are used, how the subjects are taught, whether the lessons are intelligible, and the teachers sympathizing, and whether the school is conducted on the principle of being an instrument to impart knowledge directly, or intellectual training indirectly.

On merely running through the instructions, it would be easy to ask, not only who is sufficient for these things, but will not education itself be at an end almost before we can ascertain the facts respecting it? To do them justice, the Commissioners are perfectly aware that their requirements are large; but they take a businesslike view of the probable results. They are "fully aware of the extreme difficulty of many of these inquiries," which, as regards the private schools, will in many cases not be answered at all, for the Commissioners have no power to compel any attention to their interrogations; and in all cases the answers will require checking and scrutinizing, and, perhaps, after all, will not be trustworthy, or if trustworthy, not important. Then, in what seems to be most formidable in the list of subjects of investigation, much of the information is already available either in the returns of such bodies as the National Society or the Government Inspectors' Reports. So that what the Commissioners aim at is a conspectus of the subject. It is theirs to bring the scattered lights together, and perhaps the inquiry looks more formidable on paper than it will prove to be in fact. Anyhow, it is a subject, we repeat, on which no information is superfluous—its importance justifies prolixity or pleonasm. We cannot know too much, and to decide at all on a general scheme is perhaps to decide prematurely. And whatever comes of it, the Commissioners are setting about their task in a spirit so fair, with a largeness of view so unassailable, with personal talent and earnestness so unquestionable—and, judging at least from this preliminary Book of Instructions, with a breadth and candour so impressive—that we begin to hope that at last the day is breaking, and that there is at length a chance for National Education. The only thing which can mar this fair prospect is jealousy on the part of school managers. But with a Chief Commissioner so conciliatory and popular, and so well versed in business, as the Duke of Newcastle, every guarantee is taken to disarm suspicion in over sensitive quarters; and they are no friends of Education who will not with all their energies second a Commission which, in this its preliminary performance, has done so much to compel confidence by acting towards all parties with perfect sincerity and good faith.

LUNATIC ASYLUMS.

THE treatment of the insane is so different now, both in theory and practice, from what it was a few years ago, that there is some danger of our forgetting, in our satisfaction at what has been already accomplished, how much still remains to be done in this most important department of social improvement. We can scarcely regret, therefore, even such distressing cases as that revealed by the Accomb House inquiry, if thereby the attention of the public is recalled to the necessity, not merely of further amending the law of lunacy, but of narrowly watching its present operation. No system, however wisely devised or carefully guarded, can be expected to work without exceptional irregularities. But that is no reason why we should not try from each successive failure, to learn how best to avoid such exceptions for the future. The excitement caused by Mrs. Turner's case seems well-nigh to have died away, as one of the nine days' wonders of the Long Vacation. And had it not been for some remarks of Lord Shaftesbury, the Chairman of the Commissioners in Lunacy, at the Social Congress held the other day at Liverpool, we should have feared that no practical steps would be taken next session to provide for the better and more frequent inspection of the retreats for the insane.

We do not ourselves thoroughly agree with the majority of our contemporaries in the press as to the details in the present

system that need improvement or alteration. For example, the law, in requiring that no person shall be admitted into any establishment, public or private, without the certificate of two medical men, who shall have seen the patient independently of each other, seems to us sufficiently stringent; and we have only to wish that the regulation may be interpreted in practice with due rigidity. And supposing that the inspection of the Lunacy Commissioners is as careful and frequent as it ought to be, we hold it to be next to impossible that sane persons should be incarcerated. Again, a most unfair outcry was raised against private asylums. That these institutions may be sometimes very ill conducted is undeniable. But the remedy for this is not their prohibition, but a more minute and continual inspection, with some summary powers of correction, perhaps, in the hands of the Commissioners. How the want that would be created by the suppression of private asylums is to be supplied, no one has pretended to suggest; and the practical inference is, that such institutions are inevitable, and that they must be reformed and amended, when necessary, and not put down. To this we shall recur. Meanwhile, the great point that has been established to our minds by the recent discussions on this subject is the need of a much larger staff of qualified inspectors at the disposal of the Lunacy Commissioners.

Much may be said in favour of appointing local medical officers in each district, without whose certificate no person should be confined, even in the first instance, on the plea of unsoundness of mind. But no one, we should think, would dispute, that under a system of frequent and searching inspection, honestly conducted and at irregular periods, few abuses could remain long undetected. And the country would scarcely grudge the increased cost of a corps of officers large enough to make such inspection effectual. But for the public to take into their own hands the care of all lunatics, of the middle and upper classes as well as the lower, is difficult in theory and quite impossible in practice.

Of the three classes into which, for practical purposes, the community may be divided as to the treatment of lunatics, there is no serious difficulty as to the highest or lowest. The county and borough asylums that are springing up in all directions leave little to be desired as to the care of pauper idiots or insane. There are few institutions which a philanthropist will visit with more satisfaction than these. It may be doubted, perhaps, whether some of them are not overgrown, and whether there ought not to be a limit to the number of patients in a single establishment. But the general efficiency and enlightened benevolence of the medical superintendents, the zealous services of the Visiting Justices, and the contrast of the dietary and comfort of the whole establishment to the poverty and privations of the poor sufferers' homes, are exceedingly striking. What is most wanted for the poorer classes, as it seems to us, is some compulsory power—at least in extreme cases, where the persuasion of their clergymen, or landlords, or neighbours, is unavailing—to oblige the parents or friends of lunatics or idiots to entrust them to the public asylums. Is there any sight more lamentable than that—still sometimes to be seen—of the idiot jeered at by the idle boys and youths of a town? And in many a country village there is still to be found some half-witted man, who sleeps in barns or outhouses, picking up a miserable living as he best can—a very Pariah among his brethren. We are of opinion, too, that among all classes of society, from the lowest to the highest, no one should be allowed to take persons of infirm or diseased minds as inmates of his house, except by license, and under very stringent inspection.

Persons of higher station who may happen to be mentally afflicted can command for the most part either the best accommodation at the best private houses, or seclusion and good medical attendance at home. In the latter cases, however, we should be glad to see a provision for inspection, quite as much as in a lower rank of life. But it is in the poorer families of the middle class, among respectable tradesmen, and the members of the various professions, that mental disease causes the greatest amount of almost irremediable suffering. Such persons cannot claim—nor should we wish them to claim—eleemosynary places of refuge for their afflicted relatives. On the other hand, they can seldom afford to pay, especially during their struggling years, a remunerative price for admission into a well-conducted private house. The consequence is, we fear, that many patients of this grade of society are received into houses where, consistently with the due profit of the proprietors, so little can be done for their comfort that not only is their own sad lot made still sadder, but their friends, whose suffering is scarcely less than their own, have not even the satisfaction of feeling that their invalids are better off than they would be at home. How this most difficult problem is best to be solved is becoming a pressing question. We have as yet seen few suggestions on the subject that are worth notice. As we said before, no one can reasonably wish that any class except the most indigent should receive public aid. This would be wrong in principle, besides the absolute impossibility of drawing a line as to where such help should stop. For our own part, we incline to think that the co-operative principle is the only one which can possibly meet the circumstances of the case. Of course there is ample room for any amount of charitable endowments in aid of co-operative efforts. Indeed we have often wondered that so few of those who have suffered in the persons of their relatives from mental disease have founded institutions for the reception, either wholly or partly gratuitous, of such sufferers. And although

we are aware that some religious establishments on the Continent for the reception of the insane are thought by good judges to be better in theory than in practice, is there not an opening among us for an asylum for female idiots in which the self-denying labours of the followers of Florence Nightingale might find a field of untold usefulness?

The great advantage of a co-operative system of founding and maintaining lunatic hospitals would be, that every class of the community would thus be able to reproduce for its insane members something like the scale of social comfort to which they had been accustomed. The yeoman and substantial tradesman, the clerk or small shopkeeper, the barrister or clergyman or rentier, are used to very different modes of living; and each class would desire, probably, nothing better, but certainly nothing worse, than their own standard for their afflicted relatives. We can see no reason for overlooking these distinctions. They are real ones, and must be faced and accepted. It is not true that mental disease, except in a few extreme forms of its infinite varieties, reduces its victims to the same level. Any one who has had to learn by experience anything of this worst ill that can befall our kind, knows that such sufferers are often acutely sensible of little external changes; and it has always seemed to us a spurious feeling that would sink distinctions, we do not say of rank, but of habits, in a uniform treatment of the insane.

This, to our minds, is a considerable drawback to one at least of two very interesting institutions which have been founded of late years, on something like a co-operative principle, for the reception of persons of unsound mind. To some extent, indeed, this is true of the Coton Hill Asylum near Stafford, which is in most respects a most admirably managed establishment. In that house certain patients are received at highly remunerative prices and with superior accommodations, and by these means the governors are able to admit a large class of inferior patients either gratuitously or on reduced terms. We believe that the admissions to this branch of the house are managed with delicacy and good judgment, and that much good has been done unobtrusively, by assisting persons of limited means to provide for their friends greater comfort than their own incomes would have allowed. But of course all the assisted cases are merged in a common method and scale of treatment. The other institution to which we refer is the well-known Asylum for Idiots at Earlswood, near Red Hill. This is primarily a charitable establishment, supported by voluntary subscriptions. A certain proportion of idiots are elected by the votes of the subscribers out of a great number of candidates, and these are wholly maintained by the charity. Of course there is here all the somewhat offensive apparatus of canvassing and speculating in votes, which has grown up, to the disgust of most people, in other charities supported, like this, by guinea subscribers. But, in consideration of the goodness of the object, we should pardon this were the results wholly satisfactory. However, there are in this asylum a certain number of elected non-paying patients, in addition to whom there are others who pay different sums, according to their supposed rank in life. We cannot think that the result is very successful. It is scarcely reasonable to expect one of two paying patients to give twice as much as the other for the same accommodation. The theory, indeed, of this house we believe to be that all the inmates, whether they pay or not, are, when admitted, members of one "family," and as such are to be grouped merely as convenience or medical reasons may dictate. But in practice at least some classification is attempted; and this, indeed, we hold to be unavoidable. We were not impressed, on visiting the institution, with a high sense of the successful working of the system.

And, in other respects this particular asylum, founded with such excellent intentions, presents, we must confess, a difficulty which must be felt by all who might be inclined to wish for charitable or co-operative institutions for the insane, but especially by those who have yielded to the late popular cry against private establishments. Here, if anywhere, we might have looked for active management, for the absence of abuses, and in short for all the benefits of publicity and open government. Here there is no selfish proprietor whose interest it would be to make a profit out of the inmates. Here, especially, there is the religious element which prepares one to expect a conscientious discharge of voluntarily undertaken duties. But how stands the case? We regret to say that in their lately published Report the Commissioners in Lunacy feel it necessary to go out of their way to give a very unfavourable account of the working of this institution. It seems to us so important that the subscribers to this asylum should have an opportunity of knowing the truth as to its management, that we subjoin the following extract at length:—

In reference to the points adverted to in the Commissioners' last entry, we find,—

That no Sub-Committee has been appointed, as suggested, for the purpose of issuing directions for the improvement of the Hospital; and that, although some of the main suggestions have been attended to, the condition of the place is much as heretofore. Two night attendants have been appointed, the back yard turfed, and exercise grounds have been made for both sexes. But the system of occupying the patients in-doors mainly with reading, writing, accounts, &c., still exists. The great benefit that would result to the patients by employing them in industrial pursuits has been repeatedly suggested, but in vain. Their energies appear to us to be for the most part wasted in excessive labour in the Schoolroom, instead of cultivating their faculties and improving their bodily strength in ordinary industrial employment. We recommend, as we have before recommended, employment in household work, in the laundry, and in the fields and garden, and in various trades; and we think that they should be taught to wash and dress themselves, and keep

their persons clean and neat. We most strongly urge upon the Governors the propriety of adopting this course as a matter of duty to the Patients and the Subscribers to the Institution, as we think it would materially diminish the expenses of the establishment. At present large sums are given to Schoolmasters and Schoolmistresses, and in payment to persons hired to perform work which the patients themselves (with a little necessary instruction) would be able to perform.

The water continues as bad as heretofore. The diet is in a very unsatisfactory state. The diet list contains no quantities, and there is no extra diet list. There is a bakehouse, but the bread is from Horley; and the meat is sent in baskets from Kensington. The supply of this important article is by no means certain. The butcher failing repeatedly to send it, and the great distance through which it has to travel causing it sometimes in hot weather to be unfit for food on its arrival. There have been several cases of Fever and one Death. The building is giving way in some parts.

The wages for Attendants and Nurses are very low, and the Rules have not yet received the sanction of the Secretary of State. There has been no quorum of the Committee for some time past.

Comment upon this is needless. But we cannot help dwelling on the final paragraph. We have no notion who the Committee of this institution may be, and we have no wish to know. But this at least is certain—that they have voluntarily undertaken a very sacred responsibility. There is no compulsion upon any one to make him a governor of a lunatic hospital. But if a man undertakes the office, he is bound to fulfil it. We have heard of sleeping directors before; and now we find that there are persons who will take the credit in print of being active philanthropists without deserving it by their attention to their duties. It is to be hoped that this most useful institution will pass under other management for the future. Few tasks, indeed, are more painful than that of caring for the insane; but we know of no field of Christian charity in which labourers are more wanted or more useful.

There is no reason, as it seems to us, in spite of the Earlwood example, that institutions for the insane from the middle classes should not be efficiently worked on some such principles as we have sketched out. We do not, indeed, expect to see them universal. But as there is confessedly the greatest want of such establishments, we cannot but hope that one may ere long be founded, either partly by means of charitable offerings, or by the mutual co-operation of those whom it may more especially concern. But, meanwhile, let practical men study to improve the law as to the efficient supervision of existing institutions, and not cry down respectable private asylums until they have something better to offer in their stead.

REVIEWS.

JOSEPH DE MAISTRE.*

THE correspondence of Count Joseph de Maistre, lately published by M. Albert Blanc, derives great interest from the addition which it makes to our acquaintance with one of the most remarkable writers of this century; for it is emphatically to the nineteenth and not to the eighteenth century that De Maistre belonged. It is curious and interesting to find that the great opponent of the French Revolution, and the earnest advocate of constituted authority in all its forms, was also an irreconcilable enemy of the policy of the Austrian Government, and one of the freest and most unsparing of all the critics of the Papal policy. Probably it would not be very difficult to show that there was a natural connexion between this side of his opinions and that which was more prominent and more widely known; but as the latter is possibly not very familiar to our readers, and as it contains much that is of the highest interest, especially in the present day, we propose to consider it in preference to the more personal questions raised by M. Albert Blanc's publication.

The *Soirées de St. Petersburg* contains the most complete enunciation of De Maistre's views upon the great fundamental questions of science, morals, and theology. It is one of the liveliest and most interesting of books. The vivacity of the style, and the originality, ingenuity, and fervour of the thought give it a kind of charm very like that which belongs to Pascal's letters. As for the opinions which it maintains, it is by no means easy to give a general notion of them to a person who has not read the book; but they might perhaps be faintly indicated by saying that if Bishop Butler had had a taste for paradox, had been a violent partisan of the Stuarts, and had written in a style equidistant between Voltaire and Dr. Newman, he would have produced something not unlike the *Soirées*. To deprive Bishop Butler of his caution and discretion is no doubt like depriving *Hamlet* of the Prince of Denmark. The *Analogy* is throughout an *argumentum ad homines*, intended to show Deists that the objections which they made to Christianity applied equally to the positive parts of their own system; and it is to this circumstance that its great weight and reputation are undoubtedly attributable. If the arguments of the *Analogy* were thrown into a positive form, and were urged, not as answers to silence objectors to Christianity, but as direct proofs of its truth, they would stand in a very different position from that which they occupy at present, and they would represent very fairly

the general character of the *Soirées de St. Petersburg*. Such arguments are so frequently abused in the present day, and their weight and tendency are so constantly misunderstood, that it is well worth while to consider the manner in which they are applied in a book which certainly invests them with every adventitious force which ingenuity could supply.

The general subject of the *Soirées de St. Petersburg* is the moral government of the world, and its purpose is to vindicate what the highest of the high Tories of the last century—the pupil of the Jesuits, and the most prominent antagonist of the French Revolution and its principles—looked upon as the orthodox view of human life and Divine Providence. The book at first falls into the shape of an argument with an objector to the belief that the affairs of life are the subject of a providential government. He is supposed to reiterate the ancient objection that the wicked flourish and the righteous are troubled. To this it is replied, that there is a considerable part of the troubles of life which virtue has a direct tendency to prevent, and vice to aggravate, and that that part of them of which this cannot be affirmed “rains upon men like the balls in a battle,” striking the good and the bad indifferently. De Maistre does not, however, content himself with answering objections. He develops at full length a complete scheme of the providential government of the world, and of the principal laws by which it is conducted. The outline of this scheme is somewhat as follows. All suffering is penal, but it is not in all cases proportional to actual guilt, because there are several eternal principles which prevent such an arrangement. In the first place, all men are in a degraded and fallen state, and as like always produces like, they come into the world with a vitiated constitution. Moreover, men are so connected together, that they can both expiate each other's faults by vicarious suffering, and increase each other's happiness by vicarious merits. It is thus impossible to refer particular suffering to particular guilt, although it is possible to affirm in general that suffering arises from guilt. The general arrangements of society illustrate these principles on a large scale. The principle that men are connected together is illustrated by the power which a king possesses of pledging the nation of which he is the head to a crime which brings upon it all sorts of punishment, though its individual members may have had no share in the guilt. The nature of the punishments which nations incur is illustrated by war, which, says De Maistre, is supernatural and divine in its character; and this is shown, not only by the strange and unforeseen events by which its course is characterized, but also by the eagerness and vehemence with which men engage in what might have been expected to be so hateful a task.

Such is a sample of the moral side of De Maistre's theory. It rests upon a corresponding view of science and of history. In direct opposition to the theory of the progress of knowledge which, since his time, has become even more extended than it was in the last century, he maintained that we live in a state of intellectual as well as moral degradation. The notion that the state of nature is a state of barbarism appears to him the “*erreur mère*” of the present time. This theory was essential to his views, because the positive evidence to which he appealed in support of them was tradition; and in order to give importance to the traditions to which he appealed, it was necessary for him to maintain that they were vestiges of a time infinitely superior to our own in every kind of intellectual activity. From the relics of Egyptian and Etruscan art, from the Cyclopean remains, and, above all, from the evidence supplied by etymology of a careful and exquisitely skilful adaptation of sounds to thoughts in some very ancient time, as well as from the common tradition of a golden age at the beginning of things, he argued that a time must have existed in which knowledge of all kinds was not only more abundant, but more scientific than it is now. But when did this primitive civilization exist? Geology, according to the views of it which obtained at the beginning of the present century, was supposed not only to demonstrate the universality, but to fix the date of the Noachic deluge at the period usually assigned to it, and history seemed to show that since the deluge such a state of things had been unknown. De Maistre was therefore reduced to the assertion (which he made with characteristic audacity and eloquence) that before the deluge men were able to take the *à priori* road to knowledge—that they contemplated things in their quiddity, and instead of ascending from effects to causes, were able to descend from causes to effects. These were the giants and mighty men of renown spoken of in Genesis, and their superhuman knowledge brought upon its owners a superhuman punishment. This knowledge survived the flood for a short time, and the fact appeared to De Maistre to be proved amongst other things by the rapidity with which Noah and his family reconstituted human society after that event. This wonderful science was, however, confined to a few persons, and gradually died out amongst the priesthood of ancient Egypt and some other primeval nations. The great traditions of expiation, corporate responsibility, the efficacy of prayer, and others of the same kind, are the vestiges of these forgotten marvels. Savages, so far from being in a state of nature, are in a state of miserable degradation—“weighed down apparently by some fearful anathema,” which De Maistre conjectures to have been entailed upon them by the wickedness of some primitive ruler whose supernatural powers enabled him to involve his people in a proportional depth of wickedness. Even the most civilized nations

* *Mémoires Politiques et Correspondance Diplomatique de J. de Maistre*, &c. Par Albert Blanc. Paris. 1858.

Soirées de St. Petersburg, ou entretiens sur le Gouvernement temporel de la Providence, suivies d'un Traité sur les Sacrifices. Par le Comte Joseph de Maistre. Bruxelles. 1858.

are only toiling painfully, and step by step, towards the height on which their ancestors stood without an effort.

It is obvious that this kind of doctrine involves a belief in the realist theory of metaphysics. The wisdom of the primitive sages arose from the fact that they were able to descend at will from universals to particulars, because they had a clear mental perception of universal truths. In our days, though ideas are still innate, we no longer apprehend them clearly, but are compelled to work backwards to them by laborious processes of detail. Our true wisdom, therefore, lies in attaching the utmost importance to the traditions which are our guides towards that different and higher order of things of which they are at once the evidence and the remnant, and in remembering that our modern processes of thought stop far short of the limits to which human wisdom once attained. Our guide towards these limits is the tradition embodied in that common quasi-instinctive sentiment, which De Maistre describes as "bon sens," in opposition to the conclusions of what is commonly called philosophy. This "common sense" (as Reid understood the words) predisposes us to accept as true the traditions from which it was derived. It assures us, for example, of the efficacy of prayer; it tells us that national calamities are judgments for sins; and in fact it supports all through the theory which De Maistre advocates. Thus the belief in primitive science works itself round to a practical appeal to such parts of the modern popular sentiment as cannot be referred to any process of reasoning; and it is hardly an exaggeration to say, that, in his hatred of modern philosophy, De Maistre contrived a scheme for attaching a magical value to superstition.

There is in all modern speculation, and especially in those parts of it which deal with the principles of politics and natural theology, a sort of eddy or backwater, which runs in the opposite direction to the main stream of thought. There are always a considerable number of persons who want to have a philosophy and a theology of their own, which, whilst it shall be as profound and as important as that which is usually accepted, shall convict the conclusions commonly received upon these subjects of shallowness and feebleness. Dr. Newman's career is perhaps as strong an illustration of this state of feeling as could be referred to in our own generation; but De Maistre's eminence and influence fairly entitle him to be looked upon as the typical representative of that way of thinking, or perhaps we should say of feeling. His writings supply the most curious illustration that could possibly be desired of the weakness and of the strength which pervades all speculations of the class to which they belong. Their strength arises from the fact that they usually succeed in setting in a strong light half-truths which their opponents have neglected; and they are thus invested with an air of originality, of richness, and, above all, of positive, as opposed to merely negative, instruction, which is very seductive to the young and sensitive. Their weakness lies in the circumstance that the positive parts of their teaching are emphatically half-truths, which crumble under the honest application of the ordinary tests of truth, and are frequently destroyed by the very arguments to which they appeal. The influence which De Maistre exercised over many of the most distinguished Frenchmen of the existing generation, and especially over persons so different as Comte, M. Lamartine, and the Saint Simonians, is curiously like the influence which Dr. Newman has exercised over some of the finest minds of our own generation in England—over Mr. Froude, for example, and by way of reaction, and what we can only describe by the contradictory phrase of a sympathetic antipathy, over Dr. Arnold. Like Dr. Newman, he handled great truths in a blundering, and as we, in opposition to the common opinion, are obliged to think, a fundamentally illogical manner. By the help of realist metaphysics to furnish him with premisses which he could assert to be innate ideas, and strong feeling to indicate the conclusions which these premisses were to support, he readily constructed arguments which proved whatever he wanted to establish. The evidence necessary to apply his theory to facts was supplied by half-truths neglected by his antagonists. Our limits forbid us to give more than a very few illustrations of this mode of arguing, but there is hardly a single opinion advocated by De Maistre which would not, upon analysis, turn out to be reached in the manner which we have described.

We will confine ourselves on the present occasion to a single illustration—his theory of expiation. His conclusion is, that the misfortunes of the King, the priesthood, and the aristocracy in the French Revolution were somehow creditable to them—if not in their individual, at least in their corporate capacity. There can be little doubt as to the source which furnished this part of the argument. The minor is, that their sufferings were in the nature of expiatory sacrifices for the sins of their predecessors, and the major consists of the doctrine of vicarious suffering. This doctrine rests partly on the innate idea that all suffering is penal—partly on the traditional belief that one person can suffer in the place of another. It is obvious, therefore, that in so far as the argument is an argument at all, and not a mere assertion, it rests partly on an innate idea, and partly on a statement which, as we contend, is a half-truth embodied with a most pernicious error. As to the innate idea that all suffering is penal, we will content ourselves with observing, that if De Maistre was right in appealing to it, it is hard to see why he went any further. If the proposition is a first truth, antecedent not only to experience but to logic, what is the good of bringing experience and logic to bear upon it? The assertion has the

inconvenience of all arguments which are too good—it supersedes the necessity for anything more.

The doctrine propounded as an innate idea is not, however, by any means so characteristic as the doctrine of vicarious suffering, and the tradition alleged to favour it. The subject is one which unquestionably admits of much argument and much illustration; nor can there be any doubt that it embraces a most important truth, though it embodies with it another element equally necessary to De Maistre's argument, and which is of a very different character. It would not be proper to take up in this place (as was done by Bishop Butler) the theological side of the subject; but it is very important to point out that Butler carefully confined himself to that side of the question, and that De Maistre fell into the most grievous mistakes when he tried to make considerations which are well adapted to parry objections against a truth of revealed religion, the groundwork of the everyday business of life. The difference between De Maistre's argument and Butler's is this. Butler says, You have no right to impugn the justice of the doctrine of the Atonement, because there are things in ordinary life which more or less resemble, and, so to speak, lead up to it. De Maistre said, "The doctrine in question, as I understand it, supplies the key to all the sufferings of everyday life, which have no visible connection with criminality, and justifies much of the legislation, and many of the sentiments, which the writers of the eighteenth century looked upon as obsolete and barbarous." No one can deny that Butler's argument is both fair and weighty, but De Maistre appears to us to push his assertion to an extent which is perfectly monstrous, and demonstrably false. It is to be observed that he does not support his view of life on the ground of its revealed truth. He advances it as a philosophical theory resting on evidence of its own. He maintains, with perfect truth, that it is part of the constitution of the world that the guilty father should transmit diseases to the innocent son; but he also maintains that the son's suffering is in some way an expiation of the father's sin. Without the second proposition, the first would be almost useless to him; and in proof of the second he has nothing to appeal to but what he calls a general tradition. Nothing can be more characteristic than the whole argument. It is a great truth—a most important truth, and one which the ordinary run of thinkers in the eighteenth century had entirely neglected—that human beings are bound together in a sort of partnership, so that men's actions have a very wide effect indeed for good or for evil; and De Maistre was perfectly right to appeal to universal experience in support of the assertion. But experience would never have taught him that this consequential suffering was also vicarious. The consequences of a debauchee's debaucheries to himself and his neighbours are not affected in any way whatever by their transmission to his children, nor is there the smallest historical or experimental ground for the assertion that the crimes of the Reign of Terror were in any degree expiated by the sufferings of its victims. It was, indeed, to those very sufferings that all the horror with which the crimes were invested, and the punishment with which they were ultimately visited, were mainly to be attributed.

The means by which De Maistre attempted to manipulate truth into falsehood are as remarkable as the manipulation itself. The tradition to which he appeals is in no sense of the word a tradition—it was merely a common practice, which is quite a different thing. The sacrifices of heathen nations had no doubt many features in common, but it is surely far more likely that they owed their odious resemblance to the depravity and superstition of human nature, than that they embodied a tradition of which those who practised them never acknowledged the force on other occasions. The Mexicans and the Hindoos immolated their fellow-creatures because they thought that the beings whom they worshipped liked it, not because they wished to transfer to others the penalty of their own crimes. There is something singularly odious in the notion that Christianity can have anything in common with the worship of Juggernaut and Moloch. If De Maistre had attended to the denunciations of the Hebrew prophets against those bloodthirsty enormities ("which I commanded them not," says Jeremiah, speaking in the name of God, "neither came it into my mind"), he would have been better employed than in insisting, with a sort of satisfaction, on the most abominable practices that ever disgraced humanity, in order to squeeze out of them an argument against Rousseau and Voltaire.

This is only one of a thousand cases in which De Maistre stands forward as the great representative of the system so popular at present—of defending what is obviously wrong upon grounds of which the original wrongdoers had no conception whatever, and which are, in fact, mere after-thoughts. When Mr. Froude says that the early Kings and Parliaments of England deliberately rejected economical in favour of social advantages, and that the importance attached to classical learning in English education arises from a wish to give the young a knowledge of human nature as it was before Christianity entered as a disturbing force into our system of life—when Dr. Newman justifies the whole cycle of Roman Catholic theology on the ground of the doctrine of development—when Dr. Arnold put forward the exclusion of the Jews from Parliament as the proof and embodiment of his theory about the relations between the Church and the State—each of them falls into precisely the same sort of mistake as De Maistre when he tried to justify the judicial and legislative anomalies of ancient France on reconde principles,

justified by universal tradition, and depending on the ideal character of antediluvian science.

We may conclude by giving a few short but highly characteristic illustrations of the way in which the temper which we have tried to describe pervaded the whole of De Maistre's mind. He maintained that the plan of making judicial appointments hereditary and saleable was better suited than any other conceivable arrangement for the French nation—the truth being, that its inherent absurdity was slightly modified by that comparative independence of the central Government which it accidentally conferred upon the judges. The major premiss in this case is, that all sciences have their mysteries, and that what is false in theory is true in practice. The grain of truth which gives the theory a certain attractiveness is that which we have just pointed out.

The whole theory of the ancient traditions is another instance of the same thing. It is most true that ancient beliefs and ancient mythologies are highly important subjects of investigation, but it is ludicrously absurd to make them the tests of truth. When we say that De Maistre looked upon geology and etymology as the firmest allies of what he considered to be orthodoxy, we say enough to give our readers a measure of the extraordinary blindness with which a man whose talent almost amounted to genius was afflicted when he committed himself to the hopeless task of defending falsehood by the help of truth. When the orthodox horse is butted by the heretical stag, he can only get the victory by taking a bit between his teeth, which may lead him into roads where he had probably little expectation of travelling when he commenced his resistance.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CATHERINE OF RUSSIA.*

LONG after she had come to the throne, Catherine II. amused herself by writing the history of her younger years. The Emperor Paul found the manuscript among his mother's papers at her death—burned, it is thought, some of the concluding fragments—and kept the remainder carefully under seal. But he had allowed one of his friends to take a copy, and two other nobles found means, some twenty years later, to reproduce the precious document. Suddenly the secret police, by the orders of the Emperor Nicholas, swooped down upon all existing copies, and the mystery of Catherine's life became again impenetrable. During the war of the Crimea the archives were transferred to Moscow; and when the present Emperor succeeded his father, he sent for the manuscript, to read it. One or two copies seem at this time to have been taken surreptitiously; and one of these has just been published in England. The editor is the well-known refugee, M. Herzen. He has written a short preface, which is, unfortunately, rather political than historical, and has confined his annotations to a few words here and there, where the text required explanation. We are inclined to regret this brevity. Few in England know much about Russian history, or the *chronique scandaleuse* of the Russian Court; and a short summary of the state of Europe at the time, and notes on a few of the principal names that occur, would have been a good exchange for a witty but vague and declamatory preface.

Nevertheless, the interest and importance of the book can scarcely be overrated. Mr. Herzen is well justified in saying that the Memoirs contain in themselves abundant proof of their authenticity. Nothing would seem simpler than for a French *feuilletoniste* to have taken the history of the Russian Court before Catherine's accession, and to have modelled a fictitious biography on such books as the Memoirs of the Margravine of Bareith and Madame Epinay. The broad facts of Catherine's intrigues with Soltikoff and Poniatowski have been long known to all students of the period. It is not because it gives us new facts that this book is particularly valuable. It is important as the real history of the mind of one of the greatest women of the world. There is a clear line of demarcation between the first years of her married life, while she was still innocent in act, and the second period of intrigues, at a time when her passions were still something better than mere sensuality. All this is natural in a woman of strong will and clear intellect, who sinned because she thought it pleasant and safe; but a student of Rousseau would have traced the trail of mud to her earliest years. The idea really present throughout the book is the thought of empire. How to please the Empress? how to manage the Grand-Duke? in what way to preserve and improve her position? are the questions which the girl of fifteen and the woman of twenty-nine are constantly debating. Catherine was well justified in beginning her Memoirs with the assertion "that fortune is not blind," but "a result especially of personal qualities, character, and conduct." There is an epical unity in her book. Given an idiotic and debauched husband, with the prestige of hereditary descent and the actual possession of empire—and on the other hand a shrewd, strong-willed woman left alone in a foreign Court, with the whole camarilla and the weight of circumstances against her—which of these two rivals, who cannot live together, will obtain possession of the Empire? Man against circumstances, or circumstances against man—which is the stronger?

The portrait of the Grand-Duke Peter is unique. A pale sickly child, he had inherited from his Russian ancestry an in-

veterate love of drink; by his tutor he was taught a precocious manhood; born a German, he would never be reconciled to Russia; and trained a Lutheran, he despised the Greek faith which he was forced to adopt. He commenced his intimacy with the cousin who was soon to be his bride by telling her of his attachment to a maid of honour. When a little older, and married, he would wake her with blows at night that he might talk to her about his mistress; and in the difficulties which a love correspondence entailed upon him he went for counsel to his wife. Neither could Catherine flatter herself that these confidences had any better excuse than brutal irretentiveness. Peter was not, like our own George II., an affectionate husband, and a careless lover. The Russian Prince disliked his wife from the first because he was married to her, and afterwards dreaded her superior talents and the contempt she openly showed for him. He had the ineffable baseness on one occasion to discuss with one of his wife's unsuccessful lovers the best way in which M. Tchoglokooff might win Catherine's affections. His own secret of success in love affairs was peculiar. He always began by telling a romantic story of his youth—how a band of gipsies had plundered far and wide in the country districts near Kiel, and by what skilful stratagems and personal daring he had scattered them. The success of this invention so pleased him, that he could not help repeating the story before those who knew that he had left his native country at eleven years old. Lying, however, was not even the most annoying part of Peter's character. He was incredibly childish. Once he bored holes through a side-door into the room in which the Empress was dining, and called all his attendants to look through; of course he was properly reprimanded for his folly, and his wife shared the Royal displeasure. During the earliest years of his marriage, he used to buy playthings and amuse himself with them till after midnight, forcing the weary Catherine to join him. Then he took the fancy of keeping a pack of hounds close to his bedroom, and training them in the room. The last madness was for soldiers. Models of fortifications and men were placed in his room, and the Grand-Duke, in uniform, assisted by his servants, relieved guard for the helpless sentinels every day. Catherine once on waking saw a huge rat hung by the neck. Peter told her that it had devoured two of his pith sentinels, and had been condemned for breach of the rules of war. It would have been well if such a Prince had abstained altogether from politics, and left them to the clever wife who managed his estate for him. But Peter dabbled in treason as heir-presumptive, and apparently only escaped through the honour of his fellow-conspirators. Later, he betrayed the national interests and was less fortunate. His worst blunder was perhaps the not unpardonable sin against his wife. He expressed doubts whether he had any part in her children; and not only was the suspicion correct, but it was uttered in presence of the latest real father.

It is a relief to turn to Catherine's picture of herself. Sent, when only fifteen, from the pride and beggary of her little German Court, she arrived in Russia with three or four dresses at most, and was compelled to use the same sheets as her mother, who travelled with her. But the young girl looked resolutely to the future. Her first illness was caused by getting up in the night to study the Russian language. This was no mere pedantry:—"In the evening, after supper, I used to make my three maids of honour come into my bedroom, and we played at blindman's buff, and all sorts of games, such as suited our age." But Catherine had a clear vision of the future. Once before the marriage there was some talk of sending her back to Germany, and the Grand-Duke showed that he would acquiesce contentedly. "For my own part, considering what he was, he was almost indifferent to me; but the crown of Russia was not." Fortunately, the storm blew over, and Catherine schooled herself to the life of the Court—flattering the Czarina's bigotry by strict observance of the church fasts, or her vanity by compliments on her person—enduring, bribing, and gradually winning over her terrible *gouvernante*, Madame Tchoglokooff—under constant surveillance from regular and voluntary spies, and tortured by the drunken fellowship of her husband. But a high-spirited and pretty woman was not likely long to endure such treatment without looking for compensation. Catherine had, she tells us, the art of pleasing. Her first admirer, one of the Czernicheffs, was ruined by the imprudent though innocent friendship with which she treated him. The next, Razumoffsky, seems never to have told his love till Peter's death made it safe. But gradually a small circle of friends grew up around the princess. Sergius Soltikoff, member of one of the oldest Russian families, "beau comme le jour," clever, and "un démon en fait d'intrigue," took advantage of his opportunities, and declared himself a lover. Catherine reasoned with him on the madness of his attachment. "I did all in my power to make him change his mind; I honestly expected to succeed. I pitied him. Unfortunately, I listened to him." The result was what it has been through all time, when such questions are discussed, and Soltikoff was the undoubted father of the Emperor Paul. The secret, however, seems to have been well kept, for long after the first intimacy, Madame Tchoglokooff exhorted the Princess to choose a lover—adding, "You shall see that it will not be I who will interpose any difficulties." Catherine kept her own counsel, but so far followed her *gouvernante's* advice, that, when Soltikoff was sent to Sweden as ambassador, she took for her second lover Leo Narischkine, who had been proposed as eligible. The closing scene of this intrigue is its best part. Narischkine, who had

* *Mémoires de l'Impératrice Catherine II.* Ecrits par elle-même, et précédés d'une Préface par A. Herzen. London: Trübner and Co.

high animal spirits, became insupportably presumptuous on the favour shown to him, and the Princess found him one day stretched at full length upon a sofa in her cabinet, and trolling out some wild song at the height of his voice. Justly indignant, Catherine hurried off to Narischkine's sister-in-law. The two ladies armed themselves with bunches of nettles, and chastised the unlucky culprit about his face, hands, and legs so severely that he was compelled to keep his room for two or three days.

Love intrigues and love quarrels did not, however, make up the whole of Catherine's life at any time. We hear little of her studies, except that they got a casual direction from a Swedish gentleman, Count Gyllemborg, and that her favourite authors were Plutarch, Montesquieu, and Voltaire. Still less do we hear of the political intrigues in which the Grand-Duchess was certainly involved, until the growing ascendancy of the Schouvaloffs and the ruin of Count Bestucheff brought about a terrible discovery. Bestucheff had plotted to seize on the Government at the death of the Empress, and declare Catherine joint sovereign with her husband. It is interesting to know that such plans were formed before Peter's incapacity had been blazoned to all Europe by a few months of government. But Catherine, of course, denies all complicity in this scheme. It is useless to speculate on the truth or falsehood of her statements. Like most Memoirs of the kind, her autobiography is no real history of the times. Sometimes she is reticent from decorum. For instance, it is only by implication that she can be said to attack the Empress Elizabeth—that strange mixture of devotion and debauchery, who drilled the Court by a secret police and abandoned the nation to favourites, as she sank pitifully through the last years of a querulous, irritable old age. Catherine's real quarrel was not with her. The Empress throughout is thinking of the blood that cleaves to her hands, and of the world's judgment upon murderers. She can forgive those who persecuted her, but not the husband whom she killed. And certainly if crime be pardonable, that of Catherine has its excuse. She ascended to Imperial power by a single murder, not by a massacre. She betrayed not a people who trusted her, but a worthless man whom it was degradation to live with. She governed not in the interests of a dynasty, but with a single view to the future greatness of her nation. She trained her noblest subjects to be statesmen and generals, when she might have deported them to Siberia, or have passed them over and chosen stock-jobbers. She founded an academy instead of gagging the press. Had Peter III. lived, Russia might easily have relapsed into barbarism. As it is, even under its present Sovereign, it may look back with pride upon the reign of Catherine II. Perhaps even in modern Europe there is one country, at least, which would gladly replace a page in its annals by such a history as that of the great Czarina.

Altogether, the reticences of Catherine's Memoirs are even more remarkable than the confessions. She seems never to have been impressed by any difference in the civilization of the people she had left and that which she is called to reign over. To judge by her little incidental notices, the Court of Peterhof had really a pleasanter society than most German Courts of the time could show—certainly than Berlin could boast of under Mr. Carlyle's hero, Frederic William I. This is perhaps intelligible. The commonwealth of high-bred and refined society is, after all, the most real and Catholic unity of our days—the only fellowship that can be found in all capitals. But it seems strange that no word of praise or blame should ever notice the condition of the middle classes and peasantry. It is true that Catherine lived before the influence of Rousseau was established, and when crude thought and morbid sentiment had not as yet been dignified with the name of social science. Still the absolute silence of so shrewd an observer is an enigma. Is it merely the prudent fear lest her papers should be stolen that restrains her within the safer limits of love and court politics? Or is it the passionless indifference of one who looks on men and women at large as lay figures in the great drama of Royalty?

A SUMMER AND WINTER IN THE TWO SICILIES.*

ALL flesh is liable to fall into temptation; and it is a serious temptation for a successful authoress to find herself settled for the winter at Sorrento, with a store of blank sheets of letter-paper or leaves of a diary waiting to be filled. It is so easy to write from a strange country long letters made up of personal details which are genuinely interesting to the intimate friends of the writer, and to season them with as many scraps of historical allusions as the known taste of such intimates will accept with gratitude or toleration. The very date from a far-off land, written in the familiar character which a few months ago was frequent among the notes delivered by the postman for the London district, has in itself a mysterious magic sufficient to throw you, as you read, into the bewildered state of sympathetic impressibility which a celebrated clergyman is said to have produced in his parishioners by the sublime pathos of his intonation of the word Mesopotamia. The danger lies in the publishing for the many what has been written for the few. The date in type is not more affecting or suggestive than Mesopotamia would be in the mouth of a cast-iron parson; and the letters written for a small circle, when rolled out into chapters for a large one, are

apt to lose much of their freshness without gaining in width of interest or in vigour of thought. Where such chapters are headed by a name already familiar to and in favour with a certain portion of the English public, they will easily find a publisher and readers. The large class of literature-worshippers which feels a transcendent interest in hearing Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray read their own works and lecture on things in general, simply because they are Thackeray and Dickens, will always nourish a sufficient curiosity to learn how Italy looks in the eyes of one tourist more, provided that tourist be a well-known and clever novelist, such as the authoress of *Nathalie*.

We do not quarrel with Miss Kavanagh for supposing, as she had every right to suppose, that her narrative of the impressions left upon her mind by Italian scenery and manners would obtain a deserved and hearty welcome from a considerable number of readers. She is quite justified in holding that the cornucopia of beauty and interest which meets the stranger in Italy—

Sempre a tutti presente e sempre nuova—

is as inexhaustible as in the days of Pope and Berkeley, and in trying to give untravelled readers the benefit of her own eyes. We can endure a rather overflowed enthusiasm, when it springs originally from real thought and feeling. An intelligent but not orderly traveller's recollections have an excusable tendency to flit to and fro about that world of odds and ends, which (to borrow Miss Kavanagh's phrase in conversing upon the Naples Museum of Antiquities) "there is no describing without writing volumes—which it is delightful to have seen, and almost as delightful to talk about." But the recorder of his private experiences among the landscapes and cities of a land which, however inexhaustible, is confessedly not a virgin soil for the travel-writer, steps beyond the modesty of nature when, in addition to or in lieu of genuine sensations, he presents his reader with encyclopedical facts and factitious speculations appertaining thereto, such as would be in their conventionally right place in a school-boy's theme. It is proper for the intelligent tourist upon the spot to know all these things—else where would be the need and the use of the Handbook of Murray?—but it is an idle, pedantic, and page-filling superstition which crams down the throats of those who are not upon the spot Murray's information at second-hand. Unfortunately, this is a superstition in which the authoress of the volumes before us still believes. As one of the shortest among too many and too long instances, we may take her first view of Amalfi, made up of what she really saw (a sketch for which we are honestly grateful) and what she thought it her duty to see or to think of. The perusal will hardly impress the reader with a similar feeling. "We all uttered an exclamation of delight, as a turning of the road showed us Amalfi. The sea glittered with light, the lines of the mountains were soft and aerial with rosy mists, and on a background of blue air a bold and graceful mountain sloped down to the sea. On the profile of that mountain shone a fair white city, crowned with a castle; that was Amalfi." So far it is a pretty enough piece of landscape-painting; but then follows the rhapsody of *rigueur*. "Amalfi, once the rival of Venice: Amalfi, where the last Roman law was found: Amalfi, where the Moors reared those luxurious homes of which the ruins still seem to the stranger a demi-paradise." The reader, suffering under the jubilation about the Pandects of Justinian, ought to be grateful for having escaped a reminder that the mariner's compass was invented at Amalfi.

This habit of diluting all the more requires correction, inasmuch as, except for the more apparent than real necessity of filling two volumes, it need not have been fallen into at all. Miss Kavanagh has plenty to say for herself, whenever the necessity of talking not only like a book, but like a guide-book, is cleared off her mind. She appears to have enjoyed most thoroughly the sunny cliffs, the mountain paths scrambling and sloping through chesnut and vine, the brilliant golden shade of the orange gardens of Sorrento, and the views over the dark-blue bay to the long purple curve which sweeps up into the broken cone of Vesuvius; and she communicates her enjoyment openly and heartily. She entered more readily and familiarly than is the habit of English visitors into the ways and thoughts of the inhabitants, and she was repaid accordingly. Her freedom from the ordinary suspicion attaching to the Protestant Englishwoman would undoubtedly facilitate her gaining a truer view of at least the upper strata of the Italian character; but even the freemasonry of Roman Catholicism does not infallibly lay open to the foreigner the inner soul of the reserved Italian. Miss Kavanagh's chief defect as a trustworthy guide is her obvious and extreme anxiety to be pleased with everything and everybody. She makes national comparisons with a facility which savours of a dangerous habit of rash generalization. "In England, they" (the lower classes, generally) "drink, and beat their wives; in France, they drink rather less, but they dance more; and whilst they dance the police must look on." In South Italy, "they pray and make merry; and, thrice happy in this, they do not separate joy from worship."

She has even a word to say in behalf of the nuisance of Neapolitan begging. The pertinacity with which an ostentatiously hideous object pokes his crutch into the ribs of the passer-by, pulls at the clothes, and bawls his garlicky breath into the face of his casual victim, until blustering importunity has dragged from unwilling pockets the coin which earns no gratitude in the giving, is to Miss Kavanagh a pleasing proof that the poor man

* *A Summer and Winter in the Two Sicilies*. By Julia Kavanagh. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1858.

feels himself placed on one broad level of humanity with the rich, and uses his rights accordingly. "Abbiate pazienza" seems to be in Miss Kavanagh's eyes the sternest refusal with which it is justifiable to meet the rapacity of the professional beggar who lies in wait on the steep steps of the Piazza di Spagna, dodges you round the Coliseum, and springs up from under your feet in the amphitheatre of Pompeii.

Our authoress is hardly less improperly charitable to the Italian cheat than to the Italian mendicant; but with a laxity of conscience in this respect it is easier to sympathize. Where the beggar is rude, noisy, savage and abusive if not submitted to, the licensed extortioner—inkeeper, vetturino, shopkeeper, or other—is in general equally good-natured, smiling, and even humorous, in victory or defeat. It may be that he actually feels a greater respect for the long-suffering English traveller-worm who turns at length and repudiates too monstrous an imposition. At any rate, he has liberated his own soul from self-contempt by asserting the principle of legitimate trickery—the mere material success of the particular imposture is of minor importance. It is difficult, until the joke has been repeated *ad nauseam*, to be angry with the barefaced ingenuity which delights in such obstinate petty attempts to screw the utmost out of a good bargain as the following. Miss Kavanagh had hired a carriage to convey her party from Salerno to Paestum:—

The stars were still shining in the sky when we rose to be off to Paestum. A pretty specimen of Italian impudence awaited us. The owner of the carriage we had hired sat by the coachman on the box. He had asked to come, in order to see that his horses would have enough to eat: the drivers are notorious for half-starving them, and we had willingly consented. But now his vetturino came up with a request. His master's brother-in-law wished to go to Paestum—would we allow him to sit on the box? The Padrone himself, with a devotedness very unusual in brothers-in-law, would ride behind the carriage. The brother-in-law was an evident invention. To consent, moreover, was simply to have him, whoever or whatever he might be, in the carriage with us. The Padrone was a fat, red man; a ride of sixty miles behind a carriage, in a broiling sun, through an unhealthy country, might half kill him. We could not do that, for the sake of decorum or etiquette. We therefore refused at once. Promptly appeared the Padrone, all amazement. "What! not allow his brother-in-law a seat on the box?" "No, it could not be thought of." "But, Signora, he is not merely my brother-in-law—he is a guide. We cannot proceed on our journey without him. I have never been to Paestum; my man has never been to Paestum." But we recklessly declined the guide, and begged to hear no more about him. "But, Signora," desperately said the Padrone, "he is a priest; and what is more, he does not come back—he stays at Paestum."

This, the most flagrant invention of all—Paestum is so notoriously unhealthy, that a night there brings on the fever—having also failed, the Padrone feelingly said he had not thought we would make him lose two piastres, and pathetically asked why we would not do this for *his* sake. Thus confessing, with great candour, that he had let a second time the carriage which we had taken on the understanding that, as we paid for the whole of it, it was to be ours entirely. Of course, the two piastres left us unmoved; we declined the priest, as we had declined the brother-in-law and the guide.

Of course, too, the Padrone was in the end successful; and the guide and brother-in-law turned out to be an Irish priest. "A perfect gentleman; an intellectual man, too, without a particle of pedantry," and "what Irishman, clerical or not, are apt to be, delightful company;" so that the pious fraud of the Padrone really made the journey to Paestum all the pleasanter.

We cannot acquiesce so readily in Miss Kavanagh's unmingled approbation of certain other pious frauds, or rather childish mummeries, not worthy of the name of frauds, which peculiarly delight the good Catholics of Sorrento. One of the most disagreeably prominent among these is the yearly selection of a good-looking child, to be fêted at Christmas as the Bambino Gesù—to be decked with all imaginable honours of ecclesiastical upholstery, silk frock, embroidered shoes, and so forth, carried in procession, saluted with music and petards—and to give in return his infantine benediction. It is not even, we imagine, every Catholic visitor who would consider this a "beautiful custom, worthy of a poetic people, whose thoughts must ever take a visible and beautiful form"—a reminder "of mysteries we are apt to treat so spiritually as sometimes to forget them." It may be doubted whether the materializing process of annually inaugurating a little Grand Lama is calculated to leave on the minds of the spectators as strong an impression of the reality of the mystery it professes to represent as Miss Kavanagh would desire. "The ardent faith of a simple people" is probably neither much increased nor diminished by the chronic exhibition of a piece of profane nonsense. The father of the Bambino whose installation Miss Kavanagh witnessed assured her, with a feeling of which we do not question the sincerity, that it was "a great consolation to him to have the divine child in his house," and burnt an extravagant amount of gunpowder accordingly. In other words, he expressed a natural paternal pride in owning the prize baby of the year. He had won the blue riband of the Sorrentine nursery.

The entire sympathy which our authoress obviously feels with such methods of conveying religious instruction and enlivening religious sentiment tends to make us slightly sceptical as to the extent of truth conveyed in her assertion, that the whole Neapolitan priesthood groans under the bondage of indolent ignorance in which Government keeps them, and "hates the policy which would deprive them of their noblest rights—to teach and to know." It is strange, indeed, if the "good, the pious, the indifferent, the idle, even," of the priestly body, were unanimous in confessing to Miss Kavanagh so dangerous a secret. That some among them, taken as they are from the aristocracy or the upper middle-classes, should feel so, and

should even say so to an ear they could trust, is natural enough even in Naples. If the feeling be at all general, it argues a more dangerous degree of compression and a nearer probability of explosion in the inflammable gases of the Neapolitan dominions than most of the other symptoms which have yet come to the surface. If those who have hitherto been among the best agents of paternal despotism are really beginning to feel the narrow path of their duties too strait for them, there may be some hope of amendment by one way or another. But it is hard to believe, without proof, that King Ferdinand will ever be ill-supplied with clerical ministers of the recognised type—the mixture of indolent suppleness with dirty activity, moral stupidity with wide-awake cunning, which goes to make the character of the celebrated *Gingillino* of Giusti, the successful official or clerical sycophant of modern Italy.

Miss Kavanagh's summer and winter in the Two Sicilies included a trip to Palermo, all the lions of which city she "does," and recounts with praiseworthy zeal and accuracy—some natural visits to Pompeii, on which occasion she kindly treats us to the whole description given by Pliny of the great eruption of Vesuvius—a sail to Capri, and a compelled stay there, from weather, of two or three days—and the proper amount of mornings spent in the Naples Museum. The title, like the book itself, is rather wider than there was any necessity for; but, in compensation for the drawbacks and superfluities which it has been our duty to particularize, there is a fair quantity of amusing reading scattered over the two volumes. The despatches written from Miss Kavanagh's winter head-quarters, Sorrento, are those which show the most clever observation and the most painstaking sketching, both of scenery and character. The Sorrentine young lady's theory of marriage, with which we conclude, is humorously set down. It is rather an apt illustration of the "poetic simplicity" of an excitable southern population:—

Donna Annunziata added, giving a look at the mountains of Santa Agata, visible from our windows—"I was to have been married up there, but I did not like the place."

"And that is a very important consideration in marriage," I suggested.

"The very first," she replied solemnly.

The house was the first thing to think of—the husband came afterwards. I was amused at this lodger-like view of matrimony; but I remarked that if she had liked her betrothed, she would have borne even with Santa Agata. This was too romantic a flight for Italian matter-of-fact Donna Annunziata. She still stuck to her original opinion: "Choose your house well." "Then you did not like your betrothed?" I could not help saying.

"Yes, I did," she replied, a little testily; "but the Lord did not will it: it was not good for me, and in those things one must think of the soul (the beautiful blue eyes were turned up piously) before the body."

"He was a fine young man," resumed Donna Annunziata, with a little sigh; "tall"—her eyes emphatically sought the ceiling. "Shoulders like that"—she opened her arms wide. "And such health! A wrist that size," she added, uniting the forefingers and thumbs of her two hands. "And so good," she continued, "as good as a piece of bread. He was so good, in short, that he never spoke. Not even a word did he say. He would sit and say nothing. They say he is bigger and handsomer than ever. But what do I care?"

Such are the model husbands of Sorrento. It is an interesting subject for inquiry whether they are trained to such a height of moral and physical excellence and serenity by enacting as children the character of the Bambino Gesù.

THE GEOLOGICAL BRIDGEWATER TREATISE.*

A NEW edition of Dean Buckland's *Bridgewater Treatise* suggests many reflections. Foremost among them, perhaps, stands the question what form would such a treatise have to assume if the commission to write it had been given yesterday, instead of eight-and-twenty years ago, and if it had been illustrated from the geological and mineralogical lore of the second instead of from that of the first age of those sciences? Nor can another point fail of obtruding itself on the mind when we see a re-issue of these familiar pages. They tempt us to ask whether the argument for the existence of a benevolent God, drawn from evidences of design in His works, would not now be necessarily handled in a more philosophic spirit than that which shaped the thoughts and language of some at least of the authors of the *Bridgewater Treatises*.

The point of view the most favourable to these volumes will be that suggested by the feeling entertained for them by geologists themselves, who will look on this re-issue as a reminiscence to them of one who must ever stand as a landmark in their science. They will be willing to accept, at the hands of his son, with all indulgence, this pious tribute to the memory of a father who once stood to many of them in the relation of a familiar friend. To the rest of the world—to those who will buy the book to get so many shillings' worth of geological information, or are eager to read how an orthodox divine strove to make all smooth between the text of Genesis and the facts of geology—it may be feared that the new edition of this famous *Bridgewater Treatise* will appear somewhat wanting. To have given to the work that rejuvenescence which alone could adapt it to be the geological textbook of a second generation required a master-hand. It not only needed an editor familiar with the already intricate literature of the subjects which Dr. Buckland handled in their earlier stages of growth, but it needed, too, one with Dr. Buckland's

* *Geology and Mineralogy considered with reference to Natural Theology.* By the late Very Rev. William Buckland, D.D., &c., &c. A new edition with additions, and memoir of the Author. Edited by Francis T. Buckland, M.A., &c., &c. London: Routledge and Co. 1853.

happy power of making these subjects intelligible, interesting, and fascinating, while the editorial hand should not have been too tender in sparing pages, even chapters, of the original.

Mr. Buckland, perhaps, would not have felt himself competent to this task, and certainly he would have found it incompatible with his filial feelings to attempt such innovation on the work of his father as it implies. To illustrate the need of something more than a reprint of the original second edition with a few notes by even the ablest hand, we may instance the chapter on the Nautilus. Dr. Buckland, even in his second edition, attributes to an organ in the chambered-shelled Molluscs, called the Siphuncle, a function which had already been shown to be a highly improbable purpose for it. The Siphuncle is a tube connecting the various series of partitions by which the chambered shells of the Nautilus and its kindred genera are divided. The object of this tube had been a subject of some doubt from the days of Dr. Hook to those of Owen, who finally set the question at rest. Its true function had been thus suggested by Dr. Breyn so far back as 1722:—"Usus descripti Siphunculi esse videtur, ut recipiat caudam sive appendicem partis animalis molliis, eamque per totam testæ transmittat spiram; cujus beneficio, testæ non tantum annectitur firmiter, sed etiam ipsa testæ vitalis reddi videtur."

Dr. Buckland probably never saw, or had allowed to escape him, this acute observation of Dr. Breyn's that the true function of the siphuncle was to preserve the vitality of the shell in the parts most remote from the chambers in which the animal was contained. In place of it, he exercised his great ingenuity in working out an earlier view of the object of this organ, by endeavouring to prove it to be a means of raising the nautilus to swim at will upon the surface, or to sink to the bottom of the sea, by a modification of the specific gravity of the animal through a hydraulic adjustment dependent on the siphuncle. It was not difficult to found upon this triumphant argument, if such could be wanted, that mechanical contrivances were not absent from the Creative Mind that fashioned the nautilus. The Indian nautilus, the existing representative of the genus—though often confounded with the argonauta of the Mediterranean, which was the nautilus of Aristotle, but to which it bears no relationship—is not known, we believe, with any certainty, to disport itself at the surface of the sea at all; and if it does so, there are good grounds for believing that the function of the siphuncle is not to effect this floatation of the animal; while, on the other hand, there can be no doubt what the true function of that organ is. Indeed, in many shells that have no analogous provision for retaining their vitality, the extremities of the shell gradually lose that vitality, become brittle, and, by attrition, or other external forces, are soon broken off from the living portion. The careful reader of the new edition of the *Bridgewater Treatise* will not omit to observe the little note of two lines by Professor Owen which renders useless so many pages of the author's argument for design in this part of the volume; but one more hastily scanning those pages may easily traverse them without observing that the unerring hand of a true friend of Dr. Buckland's has, by these modest two lines, interposed a protection between his reader and what still stood erroneous in the second edition of the *Bridgewater Treatise*, and remains unaltered in the third. While mentioning the chapters on the Nautilus and its congeners, we are reminded of a remarkable illustration of that acuteness of observation which Buckland could bring to bear on things immediately before him, in the manner in which he identified the fossils called Rhyncholites with the mandibles of the Nautilus—an inference the sagacity of which will be appreciated by those who remember that both D'Orbigny and Blainville gave widely different explanations of them.

Students of geology may, in the case we have noticed and in others also, have to regret that Mr. Buckland had not placed the task of editing his father's volumes in hands that might with propriety have re-wrought several portions of them, and so have given a new vitality to a book which has filled, and which might thus have continued to fill, a very important place in geological education. But there will certainly be still, as we have hinted, a limited public for whom this memorial edition, with the really excellent portrait facing its title-page, and the short memoir and even shorter notes introduced into its pages, will not be without an interest of a purely personal kind. Of this short biography it must be said that it adds too little to the obituary notices which followed the announcement to the world that the long twilight of Dr. Buckland's latter day had closed at length in darkness. Its anecdotal and fragmentary character draws away the attention too much from the vigorous and energetic character of the great geologist on whom the anecdotes are hung; and it had been well if these had been employed rather to relieve a more elaborated and detailed summary of the labours of so active a life, than to form, as they do, the bulk of the chapter. Probably the most remarkable work that bears the name of Buckland is that very *Reliquiæ Diluvianæ* which embodied the results of his investigations, on the occasion of his researches in the Cave of Kirkdale, and which linked his name with the effort to harmonize the certain knowledge derived from positive fact with that which rests on the evidence of things not seen. He had, at a later period, the honesty and the wisdom to revoke the arguments he had advanced in that volume; but he had not renounced the desire to harmonize the facts which science was beginning so rapidly and so surely to accumulate with those ancient writings whose literal reading and

interpretation was vital to the faith of those about him. Accordingly he again undertook, in his *Bridgewater Treatise*, to stand forward on a new and wider line of defence as the champion of geology against the fears of a class of religious persons. How far this portion of his work has been successful, it is not our object here to inquire. It is sufficient to observe that Dr. Buckland's *Treatise* helped much to make geology a popular study; and by drawing the minds of his countrymen to the nature of its reasoning, and the vast wealth of its facts, it has prepared another generation to expand its faith so far as to recognise that all true knowledge, whithersoever it may seem to lead, is a righteous pursuit, and cannot in the long run be found inconsistent with that divine truth of which it needs must form a part. It must be confessed, however, that the strength of Buckland's mind lay not in the direction of subtle disquisition on biblical criticism, or the large metaphysical questions of natural religion. Imbued with the leading thought of Paley's watchmaker, his chapters are moulded on the same plan of proving each part and parcel of creation a contrivance, and the whole creation a "cluster" of such contrivances.

If, however, it is not in these directions that we are to look for very important light shed on a difficult and deep question by the mind of the Canon of Christ Church, there is another aspect in which we may contemplate him occupied in pursuits quite congenial to his talents. We have to think of him first as the student of Nature—and a veritable student he was—energetic and observant, humble and indefatigable—and afterwards ripened into the professor and teacher of the science he had learnt, and, indeed, helped so far to form. His great success in these two arenas—or rather in these two phases of the same life-pursuit—lay in the fact that he was born in an age in which geology needed men gifted with a power of large observation, and with the untiring physical energy which alone could give them the opportunities of exercising that power; while he himself possessed these qualities in an eminent degree. There was much of the national spirit of enterprise in the character that resolved on that long ride from Oxford to Corfe Castle, and that animated the Dean of Westminster and the Canon of Christ Church, no less than it had done the scholar of Corpus—impelling him to go and see with his own eyes whatever promised a new fact for his mind, or a new fossil for that noble collection which will ere long, in a new and suitable home, carry down the name of its founder to the Oxford of the future. The vast collection of cave-bones, the unique collection of specimens from the Stonesfield Slate, including those strange little Marsupial jaws, and the bones of his own great saurian, the Megalosaurus, which it contains, will for ever be objects of reverence, as well as of instruction, to the student of geology.

The history of every science commences, perhaps, like other history, with a legendary period; but this is followed by an epoch in which single conquerors seem to have the world to themselves and carve their names upon their age. But an after time judges them by a different standard from that by which they are estimated in their own generation. The Boyles, the Stahls, the Wenzels, and Richters of chemistry are beginning perhaps not to be estimated as they deserve by the thousand chemists who know how much easier a thing it would be for them now to discriminate by their analysis a new metal than to compose by their synthesis a new alcohol. And so it may be that too soon the science which Buckland elucidated by his keen "eye for a country," and to which he devoted his honest English energy, will forget, in the slow progress of each day's detailed additions to the geological volume of Nature, that the pioneer is needed to go before the settler, and that the enterprise, the quick sight, the indomitable energy and love of excitement in the one are not to be estimated by comparison with the patient labour which gives to the days of the other perhaps a sameness in their tranquillity, but makes also the character of his knowledge proportionately profound. However this may be, an age even further distant from Buckland's time than ours will do him justice. One element, however, will be wanting to a future generation in forming its estimate of Dr. Buckland, or of his great compeer in Cambridge, who still survives him. Men of the present and fast-passing generation alone have known the influence of those brilliant powers of explanation and illustration, and of that happy vein of humour, that runs through the lectures of these great Professors. The hours spent in their lecture-rooms are looked back to in after-life by those who listened to them as some of the few in their academical career in which a happy union of instruction and delight has left an indelible impression. The mineralogical lectures of Dr. Buckland were not, perhaps, so brilliant or characteristic as those he gave on what was more properly his own subject; for mineralogy is a sterner science, and requires a precision and exactness difficult to combine with those rapid and masterly descriptions which ranged the globe for their illustration, and handled its vastest features with so large and firm a grasp. Nor will another age know that great characteristic of Dr. Buckland which won for him affection where he least perhaps knew of its existence—his uniform sympathy with other and younger persons in whom he saw genius, or who exhibited tastes kindred to his own. As Canon of Christ Church, and as Professor at Oxford, he was always looking for the evidence of these among the students who came to him; and as Dean of Westminster he delighted in no use of a higher sphere of action more than in that which enabled

him to confer upon his shake of the hand, his kind word, and his introduction to men of influence, an increased power of encouragement and help to those for whom he felt this genial sympathy.

Before quitting the subject of Dr. Buckland's work, we would allude to one page in his son's memoir of him which will, we hope, go down to posterity inseparably linking with him one who bore his name, who shared his toils and his triumphs, even in those regions of intellect in which a man rarely hopes to find companionship, save from his own sex. To the tribute which a true son's affection has so gracefully and touchingly paid to her memory in this memoir no word can be added—nor could one word be taken away by any who had the happiness of knowing the honoured wife of Dr. Buckland.

CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS ON SCOTLAND.*

Two large royal octavos of a *Calendar*—that is, an analytical list—of State Papers may be said literally to "speak volumes" as to the extent and importance of the original documents themselves. The collection before us embraces all the papers relating to Scotland during the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, with another series relating to Mary Queen of Scots during her detention in England. The contents of one hundred and seven volumes are analysed, mostly at considerable length. The use of the collection is twofold. It is at once a guide to the documents themselves, and, to a certain degree, a substitute for them. Those who have the will and the opportunity to consult the papers themselves may thus know beforehand what they may expect to find in them on any particular subject; while those whose range does not go beyond their own libraries, may find in the *Calendar* itself a very fair representative of the original document—enough, at all events, to throw great light upon history, and to explain much that would otherwise be dark in the circumstances, feelings, and motives of its actors. On the importance of original documents of this kind we need not enlarge. They are the very essence of history. Chronicles tell us how events appeared to those who for the most part simply looked on; histories by actors in the scene almost unavoidably become *ex parte* statements; but the State-papers let us behind the curtain. They tell us what Kings and Ministers thought themselves, as well as what they wished the outer world to think. Not that even the State-papers call for any abnegation of the historian's ordinary critical duties. Even with these original documents before him, he has still to judge what he will believe, just as much as in using an ordinary chronicle. He is brought face to face with eye-witnesses and actors; but they must be examined and cross-examined just as severely as those who speak merely from hearsay. The writer of a State-paper may commonly be supposed to know the truth; but it does not at all follow that it was always convenient to tell it. Hence we are more likely to find truth here than in an ordinary chronicle; but we must also expect to find a great deal besides truth. Many of the papers analysed in these volumes are of an essentially *ex parte* character—for example, Queen Elizabeth's version of the execution of Mary, and King James's version of the Gowrie Conspiracy. Doubtless they knew all about it, but it does not follow that they told all about it. Here is the rock on which Mr. Froude has split. Fully and rightly convinced of the paramount authority of State-papers, he has made them the objects of an abject idolatry. Writing from the papers on one side only, and laying it down as a matter of conscience implicitly to believe them, he naturally finds no great difficulty in making out a case for that side. If we believe Henry VIII. himself, he had none but the most exalted motives for cutting off Anne Boleyn's head, and for putting away her more lucky namesake of Cleves. Mr. Froude accordingly does believe him. "The word of a statesman" is enough. But this way of writing history forgets the possibility that the word of one statesman may be contradicted by the word of another. The Pope and the Emperor did not always give the same version of things as the King of England; and why may we not believe them as well as him? Take a case from our own day. The manifestoes of the Emperor Nicholas assert nothing but the purest motives for occupying the Danubian Principalities. The manifestoes of the Emperor Napoleon assert nothing but the purest motives for making war on him for so doing. Mr. Froude is bound equally to believe both, as each assertion is confirmed by the word of a statesman. One accustomed to history and politics would be far more inclined to believe neither. Gibbon, we suspect, would have given but very slender credit to the assertions of Nicholas or of Napoleon, of Henry, Charles, Francis, Granville, or Cromwell. "It is not usually," he tells us (ii. 489, Milman, cap. xvi.) "in the language of edicts and manifestoes that we should search for the real character or the secret motives of princes."

Of course a collection of this sort contains documents of all kinds—papers of the most public and of the most secret nature—"edicts and manifestoes," letters, petitions, the news of the day and the ballads of the day—papers in which there was no motive to deceive, and papers in which there was every

motive to deceive. In studying, still more in writing, the history of the period, all are to be examined, but all are to be carefully weighed. They are authorities of a higher nature than "Hollingshed or Hall;" but no more than Hollingshed or Hall can they rightly demand the sacrifice of the historian's independent judgment.

Mr. Thorpe's preface almost amounts to a sketch of the relations between England and Scotland in the sixteenth century. A little enlargement would have converted it into an excellent monograph. His general judgment of some of the principal characters with whom he has to deal he thus sums up:—

Is it too much to say that the history of this not very remote period remains yet to be written? That new biographies of the three personages who stand out most prominently in these pages, viz., Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mary, and King James, are required? Their letters, and the other documents which relate to them, and which are here described, will furnish ample materials for a fairer and far more agreeable portraiture of the two Queens than has been hitherto presented; a less agreeable, but, perhaps, a juster one of King James. A careful perusal of the *Calendar* may place Queen Elizabeth's conduct to Queen Mary in no unfavourable light, and will remove somewhat of the general impression which exists as to the guilt of Queen Mary.

It is certainly somewhat curious that while the Scottish policy of our two greatest sovereigns since the Conquest has permanently blasted their reputation with English readers, the greatest wrongs which Scotland ever endured at the hands of England seem to be seldom thought of. Edward I. and Elizabeth have well-nigh sunk under the obloquy of what no Englishman of the age of Edward, no Protestant Englishman of the age of Elizabeth, doubted to be the righteous executions of William Wallace and Mary Stuart. But few people know anything of the barbarous and useless devastation to which Scotland was subjected in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. Even Mr. Froude cannot help telling us something of it, and it comes out pretty plainly in the former part of the *Calendar of State-papers*. But besides the horrible wastings and burnings which are minutely recorded, it seems that the English Government, under Mr. Froude's hero, did not stick at hiring assassins. Here are two remarkable entries:—

1545, July 12. viii. 41, 1.—Sir Ralph Sadleir to the Laird of Brunstone In reply to his letter concerning an offer, for a small sum of money, to take him out of the way that hath been the worker of all their mischiefs. Judges that he means the Cardinal; and it is his opinion that it would be acceptable service to God to take him out of the way. The King will not meddle in the matter, but it will be good service both to God, and to his Majesty. When the act is executed he will undertake that the reward shall be paid immediately, though himself should bear the charges.

1545, Sept. 9. viii. 75.—Privy Council to Hertford. Doubts raised in the Council about the fortifications of Kelso. Caution him against placing confidence in any Frenchmen, unless they give some proof of their sincerity by entrapping or killing the Cardinal, Lorges, the Governor, or some other man of estimation.

In the next page, among the details of the most brutal destruction, we find the curious fact that "Irishmen were employed, because the Borderers would not burn their neighbours' property."

In 1548 (Edw. VI. iv. 20), William Lord Grey is very busy destroying. Dunbar is "burned handsomely," &c. &c. Yet at the same time he finds leisure to do a little archaeology. Writing to Protector Somerset, he "sends some coins thrown up out of the ditch, not for any plenty he hath, but for their strangeness."

We do not know whether the Earl of Morton and Lord Ruthven are allowed to take rank as "statesmen;" but, if so, we have their "word" for it that the murder of Riccio was a most godly proceeding. On March 27, 1556, "their conscience bore them record that they acted for the good of the King and Queen, the State and religion; and therefore that Cecil, as a godly and good Minister, would move Queen Elizabeth to extend her clemency and favour towards them."

We must give a few more scraps of different sorts. On April 16th, 1570, "divers lords and others of Scotland," writing to Queen Elizabeth, "beg her Majesty to quench the heat that has begun among them." They "appeal to her sense of Christian charity whether, requiring water at her hands to repress a flame, she can bring oil, tinder, or other materials to increase and nourish it?"

In 1584, May 23, from a letter from Archibald Douglas to Sir Francis Walsingham, it appears that "the Ambassador's bed-fellow was sick, and desired to borrow his *asine*, for the use of her milk." Who "the Ambassador's bed-fellow" may have been, we are not told; but we cannot help admiring the form "*asine*." We will conclude with a specimen of "gentle King Jamie":—

1584, October 14, (Eliz. xxxvi. 85). King James to Lord Burghley. Likens himself, in the possession of his Lordship's friendship, to Achilles, who had such a worthy trumpeter as Homer, not that he [King James] can justly be compared to Achilles, who was "ornit with so divers and rare virtues," and his Lordship on the other hand doth far excel such an blind bagging fellow as Homer was. Credits the Master of Gray, to whom he has given charge to deal most specially and secretly with him, next the Queen his dearest sister.

Our extracts will show that the *Calendar* is an analysis quite full enough to give some fair idea of the style as well as the matter of the documents referred to. The following is Mr. Thorpe's explanation of the principle on which the analysis has been made, one which has the advantage of almost converting the "*Calendar*" into a contemporary chronicle:—

Care has been taken, in describing the contents of the letters, to preserve the language of the original documents as far as was possible; whereby the

* *Calendar of State Papers relating to Scotland, preserved in the State Paper Department of Her Majesty's Public Record Office. By Markham John Thorpe, Esq. 2 vols. London: Longmans, 1858.*

writers have been left to tell their own stories, and express their own opinions, in their own words. On no occasion have invidious terms been used which do not exist in the letters: and in cases where errors of expression occur, the writers themselves must be held responsible for them. An endeavour, in fact, has been made to preserve in the abstracts the features observable in the entire documents: to retain the vigour and the colour of the originals without distortion or exaggeration.

MEXICO AND THE MEXICANS.*

THE beautiful and highly-finished steel-engravings which are inserted in this volume, and which give an excellent idea of the country and people described, have the drawback of making the letter-press assume the expensive and cumbrous shape of a quarto. Consequently, this sketch of Mexico and the Mexicans will probably come into much fewer hands than it deserves. It is seldom that there is so much to praise in any book of description. There is enough, and not too much; the account of places and of natural productions is clear, full, and not overwhelmingly technical; and the miscellaneous population of Mexico is brought before the eye of the reader by an accumulation of small but suggestive touches. After we have read what Mr. Sartorius has written, we feel that the people are no longer strangers to us; and we gain from his careful survey of the physical conformation of the country at least a comprehension of the general structure of the great volcanic region which, rising in its centre far beyond the height of Mont Blanc, slopes down to the two seas with a succession of precipices, levels, chasms, and forest-clad hills.

On the western side, the descent to the sea is very abrupt, but on the east there are several stages, each marked by its own climate and its own flora and fauna. From the sea the land rises gradually to the height of 10,000 to 12,000 feet, then falls again 3000 or 4000 feet, and gives room for extensive plateaus, above which the mountains rise in terraces until they culminate in the peak of Orizaba, about 18,000 feet above the sea. In 1848, some North American officers were said to have attained the summit of this peak for the first time, but no one in the country believed it possible. Three years later, a party of eighteen men undertook the ascent, and as the climbers were of different nations, mountain fanciers will like to know what happened, and who did best. The party consisted of two Frenchmen, one Englishman, one American, one Belgian, and thirteen Mexicans. One half of the party gave up in a short time—six got half way up the snowy cone which forms the peak—and one only went to the top. He was a Frenchman, named Doignon, and he found on the edge of the crater, a few hundred feet below the highest point, a flag, placed there by the North Americans. Two of his companions reached this point, the Belgian and one of the Mexicans. But they could not make the final exertion. The Mexicans still refused to believe that any one had been to the top; so, a week afterwards, Doignon went up again, and planted a flag on the loftiest pinnacle. This removed the incredulity of the inhabitants of St. Andres Chalchicomula, and they showed their repentance and admiration by very properly giving Doignon a grand dinner. The volcanic chain is very broad, and is marked by several peaks of more or less interest. None, however, can compete with that of Jorullo, because it was actually formed in the sight of men. In 1759 a great earthquake occurred, and eye-witnesses saw, as Humboldt expresses it, "a whole district, some square miles in extent, rise like a bladder." Mr. Sartorius describes the present appearance of Jorullo, and of these mountains generally, as also of the lower terraces and plains, with great minuteness and a thorough enthusiasm for his subject. But as his principal method of indicating the character of the earth at any given point is to state what are the chief plants and trees found there, it is impossible to give any but good botanists a notion of his descriptions. We may observe, however, that he rejects, as a mere popular delusion, the often repeated assertion that in America the flowers do not give any scent and the birds do not sing. On the contrary, many flowers are very sweet, and many birds are very noisy.

The population of Mexico is roughly estimated at eight millions—four millions and a half Indians, two million Mesitzos or half-castes of different shades, and a million and a half Creoles or white descendants of the old Spanish conquerors. The Creole is the gentleman of the country, with the Indian as his equal in the eye of the law, but with an established social superiority, not only over him, but over all whose skin is not purely white. As the American of the United States is an Englishman with marked differences, so the Creole is an altered Spaniard. He has more liveliness, more frankness and generosity, but is not so capable of sticking to his work, and is less grave and thoughtful. The Spanish conquerors of Mexico came mostly from the south of Spain, and the Moorish type is still visible in the Creole. He is a christianized Arab, at home nowhere so much as in the saddle, and capable of great things if he can but find a leader—a thing which in late years he has found it impossible to achieve. The women lead a semi-Oriental life, have few of the cares of housekeeping and spend their abundant leisure between church-going and flirting. The Indians, who still speak the Aztec tongue, are like all the Red Indians of America, stupid

rather than bad, and not easily moved to emotion except by the prospect of alcohol. They live in villages of their own, and are the drawers of water and the hewers of wood for their European masters. With the exception of a slight acquaintance with the doctrines of Christianity—an acceptance of which they combine with a belief in their old personifications of nature—they are little changed from what they were when Cortes landed. Nor does it make much difference to them whether they still continue or not to be the proprietors of their ancestral lands. Many of them prefer to be day-labourers, and yet when they are day-labourers they scarcely ever seem to improve their condition. The real work of the country is done by the half-castes, who, as their great ambition is to have children whiter than themselves, approach each generation nearer to the Creoles. Nor do they permit the Creoles to claim an undisputed social pre-eminence, and evidently Mr. Sartorius is inclined to think that they are the best of the Mexicans.

Ever since the Mexicans succeeded in throwing off the yoke of the mother country, they have been victimized by the leaders of the army, who made capital out of the liberation of their native land, and have eaten up the strength of the industrial population by the worst excesses of military extravagance. During Santanna's time, every one that had any interest or could inspire any kind of fear was made an officer, and drew officer's pay. At one time the army register counted 120 generals and 30,000 officers. Many of these officers owed their sinecures and their honours to the simple means of having headed a local rebellion. Two or three idle hangers-on of a country town would ask some disreputable colonel to head them in making a *pronunciamento*. If the thing looked tolerably safe, he consented, called himself General, and gave any grade he pleased to his coadjutors. By robbing the tax-gatherers of the district, it was easy to get enough money to persuade a few ruffians to join them. A short period of predatory excursions was followed by the advent of the troops sent to disperse them. On the eve of the conflict it occurred to both sides that it was a great pity good Mexican blood should be shed in so ridiculous an affair; and a compromise was entered into on the terms that the general body of the rebels should quietly disperse, and that the leaders should be received into the regular army, retaining the grade they had been pleased to assign themselves. It is not wonderful that under such a burden, increased as it is by a grand protectionist system prohibiting the import of foreign manufactures, the Mexicans have not made much progress. They had, however, a piece of good fortune where they could least of all expect it. Disastrous as the American war was otherwise, it did them one really valuable service. It was ordered that all officers who failed to make their appearance in the field should be considered to have accepted their discharge. Less than one-half appeared, and the absentees were struck off the list.

Mexico deserves a better fate than it has ever had. The country is magnificent. There is scarcely any product of the tropical or temperate zones which nature does not lavish on some of its many different levels, and the mineral wealth of the mountains is prodigious. The people are not really bad, and except that they are inveterate gamblers, the best of them might rank high in the scale of national worth. They will fight—they are temperate—they are religious, and yet not in the least priest-ridden. One thing is wanting—they will not combine. They will not find common funds to make even roads to the sea; and they submit to all kinds of extortion rather than take the trouble of joining to resist. Evidently they are not fit for a Republic, but they ought to have something better than a military despotism. They want to be led, not crushed. At present their political picture is not, it must be owned, very bright. But it may assist them if the world knows what they and their country are like; and the volume which Mr. Sartorius has so carefully compiled as the result of many years of experience, and of intimate association with all classes of Mexicans, will be a most valuable means of diffusing the necessary information.

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* Mexico: Landscapes and Popular Sketches. By C. Sartorius. Edited by Dr. Gaspey. With Steel Engravings from Sketches by Moritz Rugendas. London: Trübner. 1858.

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SIXTH ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF CABINET PICTURES AND WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, the Contributions of British Artists, is NOW OPEN at the FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall. Admission, 1s.; Catalogues, 6d. Open from Ten till Five.

LONDON CRYSTAL PALACE, REGENT CIRCUS, OXFORD STREET, & GREAT PORTLAND STREET.

This Magnificent Building will be OPENED to the Public on WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1st, 1858, FOR THE SALE OF ALL KINDS OF USEFUL AND FANCY ARTICLES. It will contain the Largest Number of First-Class Exhibitors of any Building in Europe. The Photographic Establishment is the finest in London. The Aviary, Conservatory, General Refreshment Room, and Ladies' Private Refreshment Room, with Retiring Room attached, will be replete in their several departments. Applications for the remaining space are requested to be made forthwith.

CHINA AND JAPAN.—A MEETING of the Members and Friends of the SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN FOREIGN PARTS will be held at WILLIS'S ROOMS, King-street, St. James's, on WEDNESDAY, December 1st, 1858, at Two o'clock precisely, to direct attention to the providential openings which have recently been made for the introduction of Christianity into China and Japan.

The LORD BISHOP OF LONDON will preside.

The resolutions will be proposed and seconded by the Lord Bishop of Oxford, Rear-Admiral Sir Henry Keppel, K.C.B., Archbishop Grant, and others.

Tickets of admission may be obtained at 79, Pall-mall, and 4, Royal Exchange.

CONSUMPTION HOSPITAL, BROMPTON.—All the Wards are now open. Additional FUNDS are earnestly SOLICITED. A large number of Out-patients are daily seen by the Physicians.

PHILIP ROSE, Hon. Sec.

THE BENEVOLENT are most earnestly appealed to on behalf of the WIDOW and FIVE ORPHAN CHILDREN of an ATTORNEY'S CLERK UNDER ARTICLES, who died after a lingering illness, from the commencement of which his salary ceased. The five children are entirely dependent on their bereaved and destitute mother, who has had to part with many of her goods in order to supply them with bread. The truth of this statement can be certified by the minister of the parish, the Rev. J. H. HAMILTON, St. Michael's, Pimlico, and by the other gentlemen whose names are subjoined. The object of this appeal is to raise a fund for establishing the widow in a business by which she may be enabled to maintain her fatherless children.

Donations will be received at the UNITY BANK, Cannon-street, City; and by the Rev. PAXTON HOOD, 19, Richmond-crescent, BARNBURY; and WM. GROSER, Esq., 24, Claremont-square, New-road.

METROPOLITAN CONVALESCENT INSTITUTION.

ASYLUM, WALTON-ON-THAMES.

President—His Grace the DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Chairman—Colonel F. PAGET.

This Asylum receives from the various hospitals, and from the crowded courts and alleys all over the metropolis, many patients, whose only hope of recovery is from pure air, rest, and good diet. It contains 134 beds, and admitted during last year 1226 patients, most of whom were restored to health in little more than three weeks, and able to return to their work.

The Institution is dependent entirely upon Voluntary Contributions, and the Board earnestly APPEAL for the MEANS of maintaining and extending the Benefits of this most useful charity.

Subscriptions and Donations are received by Messrs. HOARE, Fleet-street; by Messrs. DRYDEN, Charing-cross; and at the Office of the Institution, 32, Sackville-street, London, W.

CHARLES HOLMES, Sec.

LONDON DIOCESAN HOME MISSION.

President—The LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.

PARISH OF BETHNAL GREEN.—ADVENT LECTURES FOR WORKING PEOPLE.—Services will be held during Advent in the undermentioned churches, when Sermons will be preached as follows:—

St. MATTHEW'S, CHURCH-BOW, at 6.30 P.M.

Sunday, Nov. 28th—Rev. T. JACKSON, Rector of Stoke Newington.

Sunday, Dec. 5th—The Dean of Westminster.

Sunday, Dec. 12th—Rev. J. RASHDALL, Incumbent of Eton Chapel.

Sunday, Dec. 19th—Rev. Dr. HESSEY, Head Master of Merchant Taylors' School, and Preacher to Gray's-inn.

St. MATTHIAS, HARE-STREET, at 8 P.M.

Wednesday, Dec. 1st—The Lord Bishop of London.

Wednesday, Dec. 8th—Rev. J. NISBET, Rector of Deal, Kent.

Wednesday, Dec. 15th—Rev. T. JACKSON, Rector of Stoke Newington.

St. JAMES THE LESS, VICTORIA PARK, at 8 P.M.

Wednesday, Dec. 15th—Rev. F. GELL, Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, and Chaplain to the Bishop of London.

Wednesday, Dec. 22nd—Rev. W. HILL, District Missionary.

St. SIMON ZELOTER, at 8 P.M.

Monday, Dec. 6th—The Lord Bishop of London. All seats free.

T. GIBSON, Curate of St. Matthew's.

J. COLBOURNE, Incumbent of St. Matthias.

W. J. GRUNDY, Incumbent of St. James the Less.

C. M. CHRISTIE, Incumbent of St. Simon's.

EDWARD PARRY, Hon. Sec.

J. COMYNS COLE, Secretary.

Diocesan Home Mission, Nov. 18, 1858.

LONDON DIOCESAN HOME MISSION.

President—Right Hon. and Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.

ADVENT LECTURES FOR WORKING PEOPLE.—Services will be held in the Parish Church of St. MARK'S, NEWINGTON-BUTTS, on the following evenings, when Sermons will be preached as under:—

Thursday, Dec. 2nd—Rev. T. JACKSON, M.A., Rector of Stoke Newington.

Thursday, Dec. 9th—Rev. J. NISBET, M.A., Rector of Deal, Kent.

Thursday, Dec. 16th—Rev. J. RASHDALL, M.A., Incumbent of Eton Chapel, Eaton-square.

Thursday, Dec. 23rd—The Lord Bishop of London.

Divine Service will commence at 8 o'clock. All seats free.

J. T. SMITH, Curate of St. Mary's.

EDWARD PARRY, Hon. Sec.

J. COMYNS COLE, Secretary.

Diocesan Home Mission, 79, Pall Mall, Nov. 15, 1858.

LONDON DIOCESAN HOME MISSION.

President—Right Hon. and Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.

The Council of the Home Mission earnestly SOLICIT AID in carrying out the object of the Society.

The labours of the newly-appointed Missionary (Rev. W. Hill) commenced at Midsummer, in the east of London. Two additional Missionaries will probably be appointed in the ensuing month.

Open Air Services, under the Auspices of the Home Mission, have been carried on with success during the summer, in the parishes of Chelsea, St. Pancras, Bethnal-green, and Stepney.

The Special Services for Working People will be resumed at the end of this month, and continued, at stated intervals, in various churches of the metropolis.

Subscriptions and donations may be paid at the office, 79, Pall-mall (No. 8); or to the account of the London Diocesan Home Mission, at Messrs. Ransom, Bouverie, and Co.'s, 1, Pall-mall East.

The Half-yearly Report may be had on application at the office.

EDWARD PARRY, Hon. Sec.

J. COMYNS COLE, Secretary.

Diocesan Home Mission, 79, Pall-mall (No. 8), November 18th, 1858.

KAMPTULICON,

THE NEW ELASTIC FLOOR CLOTH. Warm, Noiseless, Durable, and Ornamental. Price 4s. and 4s. 6d. per square yard.—T. TRELOAR, Cocoa-nut Fibre Manufacturer, 42, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

INTRODUCED BY BEWLAY & CO., 49, STRAND, W.C.

CUT MANILLA TOBACCO FOR PIPE-SMOKING, mild and fragrant, with the special aroma of the Manilla Cheroot, and burns freely—2oz. packets in lead, 1s. Orders, by letter (with remittances), promptly attended to.

Finest Foreign Cigars, Cabañas, Martinez, and other choice Brands.

GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH, USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY,

AND PRONOUNCED BY HER MAJESTY'S LAUNDRESS TO BE

THE FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED.

Sold by all Chandlers, Grocers, &c. &c.

132, REGENT STREET, W. NEW TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT for the Nobility and Gentry. Naval, Military, and Clerical Tailor and Outfitter.

132, REGENT STREET, W., WILLIAM CLARK, from H. J. and D. NICOLL.

132, REGENT STREET, W. NEW TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT for the Professional and Commercial Public, Clerical, Legal, and Court Robe Maker.

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132, REGENT STREET, W. WILLIAM CLARK, from H. J. and D. NICOLL.

The NON-REGISTERED PERMISTO CLOTH PALETOT: the cloth used for this graceful garment being made from the Llama and Astracan Wools, has a great advantage over the ordinary Llama cloth, being finer and stronger, with a permanent finish, retaining all the softness of the Llama, it is an article of clothing that illustrates, both in material and design, perhaps better than any other garment of the season, the prevailing and growing taste amongst the well-dressing part of the public for chasteness and simplicity of style in dress. It is made only in dark, fine cloths, or in dark colours slightly mixed with a lighter shade: some of these plain colours are of distinctly novel tints, and the few sprinklings of mixtures added in others to these original shades, produce a variety quite sufficient to give ample choice without impairing in the slightest degree the character required for a quiet and gentlemanly garment.

Two of these latter are especially adapted for Frocks Coats for clergymen, one of them is so dark as not to be easily detected from black, but affording more durability for wear than can be produced in plain black. The other is a little lighter, and while it is equally well adapted for Frocks Coats, is also peculiarly suitable for clerical and other quiet professional Paletôts.

WM. CLARK has also a very strong fabric of fine Doeskin, in exactly the same colourings, for trousers, and which is more durable than ordinary cloth, in plain colours or mixtures; the price is alike for the Paletôts, Morning, or Frocks Coats, 42s., and the Trousers, 21s.; for Lounging, Travelling, or Business Suits, made from the Patent finished Coteswold Angoras, at 60s.; Waterproof Caps and Overcoats, of every description and novelty in material, from 21s. Full dress Evening Suits, Black cloth Dress Coat, White Vest, and Black Trousers, complete for 75s.; every other article of Dress equally moderate in cost. Ladies' Riding Habits, in Waterproof Tweeds or Melton Cloths, for Morning wear, 60s.; Do. do. in Superfine cloth, 45 to 47 7s.

WILLIAM CLARK, Naval, Military, and Clerical Tailor and Robe Maker,

132, REGENT STREET, W.

132, REGENT STREET, W. WILLIAM CLARK'S CLERICAL SUITS at 44s.

Made from the permanent finished Cloth, that will neither spot nor shrink. Clerical Gowns and Surplices equally moderate in cost.

WILLIAM CLARK, Clerical Tailor, 132, REGENT STREET, W.

NICOLL'S NEW REGISTERED PALETOT

has all those advantages which secured such general popularity to Messrs. NICOLL'S original Paletôt; that is to say, as it avoids giving to the wearer an *outré* appearance, professional men, and all others, can use it during morning and afternoon in or out of doors. Secondly, there is an absence of unnecessary seams, thus securing a more graceful outline, and great saving in wear; the latter advantage is considerably enhanced by the application of a peculiar and neatly stitched binding, the mode of effecting which is patented.

In London, the NEW REGISTERED PALETOT can alone be had of H. J. and D. NICOLL, 114, 116, 118, and 120, REGENT STREET; and 22, CORNHILL.

A NEW DEPARTMENT FOR YOUTH, &c.

H. J. and D. NICOLL recommend for an OUTSIDE COAT the HAVELACK and PATENT CAPE PALETOT, and for ORDINARY USE the CAPE SUIT, such being well adapted for Young Gentlemen, on account of exhibiting considerable economy with general excellence. Gentlemen at Eton, Harrow, Winchester, the Military and Naval Schools, waited on by appointment. A great variety of materials adapted for the Killed or Highland Costume, as worn by the Royal Princes, may be seen at

WARWICK HOUSE, 142 and 144, REGENT STREET.

FOR LADIES.

NICOLL'S PATENT HIGHLAND CLOAK

is a combination of utility, elegance, and comfort. No Lady having seen or used such in travelling, for morning wear or for covering full dress, would willingly be without one. It somewhat resembles the old Spanish Roquelaire, and has an elastic Capucine Hood. It is not cumbersome or heavy, and measures from 12 to 16 yards round the outer edge, falling in graceful folds from the shoulders; but by a mechanical contrivance (such being a part of the Patent) the wearer can instantly form semi-sleeves, and thus leave the arms at liberty; at the same time the Cloak can be made as quickly to resume its original shape. The materials chiefly used for travelling are the soft neutral-coloured Shower-proof Woolen Cloths manufactured by this firm, but for the promenade other materials are provided. The price will be Two Guineas and a Half for each Cloak; but with the Mécanique and a lined Hood, a few shillings more are charged. This department is attended to by Cutters, who prepare Mantles of all kinds, with Velvet, Fur, or Cloth Jackets, either for in or out-door use. These at all times—like this Firm's Hiding Habit—are in good taste, and fit well. Female attendants may also be seen for Pantalons des Dames à Cheval, partially composed of Chamoles. As no measure is required, the Patent Highland Cloak can be sent at once to any part of the Country, and is thus well adapted for a gift.

H. J. and D. NICOLL, Warwick House, 142 and 144, REGENT STREET, London.

NICOLL'S PATENT CAPE PALETOT

offers the following desideratum:—The Cape descends from the front part of the shoulders and forms a species of sleeve for each arm; both are at perfect freedom, having to pass through enlarged apertures in the side or body of the Paletôt; these apertures, however, are duly covered by the Cape, which does not appear at the back part of the Paletôt, but only in the front, and thus serves to form hanging sleeves, at the same time concealing the hands when placed in the pockets. The garment is altogether most convenient and graceful in appearance, and can in London alone be had of H. J. and D. NICOLL, 114, 116, 118, and 120, REGENT STREET; and 22, CORNHILL.

CAUTION.—In consequence of many impudent attempts to deceive the public, it is necessary to state that all Messrs. NICOLL'S Manufactures may be distinguished by a trade mark, consisting of a silk label attached to each specimen. To copy this is fraud, and may be thus detected: if the garment is dark-coloured, the label has a black ground, with the firm's name and address woven by the Jacquard loom in gold-coloured silk; if the garment is light-coloured, the label has a pale drab ground, and red letters. Each garment is marked in plain figures, at a fixed moderate price, and is of the best material.

H. J. and D. NICOLL have recognised Agents in various parts of the United Kingdom and Colonies, and any information forwarded through them will be thankfully acknowledged or paid for, so that the same may lead to the prosecution of any person copying their trade mark, or making an unfair use of their name; that is to say, in such a manner as may be calculated to mislead.

(Signed) H. J. and D. NICOLL,

REGENT STREET and CORNHILL, London.

MAPPIN'S ELECTRO-SILVER PLATE AND TABLE CUTLERY.

MAPPIN BROTHERS, Manufacturers by Special Appointment to the Queen, are the only Sheffield makers who supply the consumer in London. Their London Show Rooms, 67 and 68, KING WILLIAM-STREET, London Bridge, contain by far the largest STOCK OF ELECTRO-SILVER PLATE and TABLE CUTLERY in the World, which is transmitted direct from their Manufactory, QUEEN'S CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

	Fiddle Pattern.	Double Thread.	King's Pattern.	Lily Pattern.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
12 Table Forks, best quality	1 18 0	2 14 0	3 0 0	3 12 0
12 Table Spoons, do.	1 18 0	2 14 0	3 0 0	3 12 0
12 Dessert Forks, do.	1 7 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	2 14 0
12 Dessert Spoons, do.	1 7 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	2 14 0
12 Tea Spoons, do.	0 16 0	1 4 0	1 7 0	1 10 0
2 Sauce Ladles, do.	0 8 0	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 13 0
1 Gravy Spoon, do.	0 7 0	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 13 0
4 Salt Spoons (gilt bowls)	0 6 8	0 10 0	0 12 0	0 14 0
1 Mustard Spoon, do.	0 1 8	0 2 8	0 3 0	0 3 6
1 Pair Sugar Tongs, do.	0 3 6	0 5 6	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Pair Fish Carvers, do.	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 14 0	1 18 0
1 Butter Knife, do.	0 3 0	0 5 0	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Soup Ladle, do.	0 12 0	0 16 0	0 17 6	1 0 0
6 Egg Spoons (gilt) do.	0 10 0	0 15 0	0 19 0	1 1 0
Complete Service	£10 13 10	15 16 8	17 13 6	21 4 6

Any Article can be had separately at the same Prices.

One Set of 4 Corner Dishes (forming 8 Dishes), £8 8s.; One Set of 4 Dish Covers—viz., one 20 inch, one 18 inch, and two 14 inch—£10 10s.; Crust Frame, 4 Glass, 24s.; Full-Size Tea and Coffee Service, £9 10s. A Costly Book of Engravings, with prices attached, sent per post on receipt of 12 Stamps.

	Ordinary Quality.	Medium Quality.	Best Quality.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Two Dozen Full-Size Table Knives, Ivory Handles	2 4 0	3 6 0	4 12 0
14 Doz. Full Size Cheese ditto	1 4 0	1 14 6	2 11 0
One Pair Regular Meat Carvers	0 7 6	0 11 0	0 15 6
One Pair Extra-Sized ditto	0 8 6	0 12 0	0 16 6
One Pair Poultry Carvers	0 7 6	0 11 0	0 15 6
One Steel for Sharpening	0 3 0	0 4 0	0 6 0
Complete Service	£4 16 0	6 18 6	9 16 6

Messrs MAPPIN'S Table Knives still maintain their unrivalled superiority; all their blades, being their own Sheffield manufacture, are of the very first quality, with secure Ivory Handles, which do not come loose in hot water; and the difference in price is occasioned solely by the superior quality and thickness of the Ivory Handles.

MAPPIN BROTHERS, 67 and 68, King William-street, City, London; Manufactory, Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

WHO WILL PAY THE CHINESE INDEMNITY?
WHY, THE ENGLISH THEMSELVES. An Export Duty is to be levied, and then not even the EAST INDIA TEA COMPANY will be able, as they now are, to sell 6 lb. bags of Black, Green, or Mixed Tea at 1s. 10d. per lb., and Coffee in the Berry at 10d.—Warehouse, 9, Great St. Helen's Churchyard, City.

STRACHAN AND CO., DEALERS IN FINE TEA,
20, CORNHILL, OPPOSITE THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

TO TEA DRINKERS.—War with China is ended, the Treaty of Tien-Tsin is signed, and open communication with the Chinese Tea-grower is a fact beyond recall. This is welcome news for the Tea consumer, as the difficulty in procuring FINE TEA has been gradually increasing for years past, owing to the competition among the Retail Dealers, in making CHEAPEST—not GOODNESS—their standard, thereby encouraging the importation of low qualities. Hence, out of an annual consumption of 70,000,000 lbs., not a "TENTH" part thereof can be honestly called FINE; therefore, it must be obvious to all consumers that it is difficult, if not almost impossible, to procure really "fine Tea." It is a fallacy to suppose low-priced Tea the CHEAPEST, as it is DEFICIENT both in strength and flavour, and does not possess the healthful or exhilarating qualities of "Fine." Moreover, as the duty and charges are the same on all descriptions, it is evident that the common kinds are relatively the dearest.

STRACHAN and Co., who have had thirty years' experience in the wholesale trade, have long seen the want of a RETAIL Establishment where the public could depend upon always obtaining a really "Fine" Tea, and have therefore opened premises as above for the purpose of supplying the FINEST TEAS AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE REMUNERATIVE PROFIT. It is their intention to sell "TEA ONLY," making quality their sole study, whilst the prices will be within the reach of all classes; and to this end they will devote their great experience and an ample capital in purchasing only the best goods, either in China or England, as the state of the Markets may justify.

STRACHAN and Co. consider it necessary to sell only two QUALITIES of TEA, viz., one for the DRAWING-ROOM, guaranteed to consist only of the FINEST and CHOICEST pickings; the other a really STURDY USEFUL DESCRIPTION, suitable for ordinary domestic purposes; and as they pledge themselves "never to vary their qualities," their prices will necessarily ascend or descend with the Import market rates.

PRESENT PRICES ARE:—

BLACK.—The finest, or "DRAWING-ROOM" TEA	4s. 2d.
SEZONG USEFUL ditto, for DOMESTIC PURPOSES	3s. 2d.
GREEN.—The finest GUNPOWDER, HISON, or YOUNG HISON	5s. 6d.
"Strong useful kinds	3s. 6d.

7lbs. and upwards sent free of carriage within 60 miles of London, and a reduction of 2d. per lb. made on original packages of 40 and 80 lbs., which may be had direct from the Dock Warehouses, and cleared, if required, by the buyer's own agents. $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. the smallest quantity sold.

THE FINEST SOUCRONG, FLOWERY AND ORANGE PEKONG, OOLONG, AND ASSAM, KEPT.

CAUTION TO INVALIDS.—Recent investigations have exposed to public observation the deceptions practised by a certain class of apparently respectable, but not over scrupulous, chemists and druggists upon the Medical Profession and their confiding customers. Amongst these "tricks of trade" are the culpable efforts to injure the reputation and check the demand of a popular, safe, and pure remedy, extensively recommended and highly estimated by the Family in this and other countries.—DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL—by disparaging observations and the intrusive recommendation or secret substitution of a Pale, Yellow, or Coarse Brown Oil, entirely inactive or seriously pernicious in its effects. The motives for this exceptionable conduct are too obvious to need explanation; but it is right to caution purchasers against a possible imposition, as well as to prevent disappointment and maintain the reputation of an unquestionably valuable addition to the Materia Medica.

Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil is sold ONLY IN IMPERIAL Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 6d.; Quarts, 9s.; capsuled, and labelled with his stamp and signature, WITHOUT WHICH NONE CAN POSSIBLY BE GENUINE, by many respectable Chemists throughout the Provinces, and in LONDON by his Sole British Agents,

ANSAR, HARFORD, AND CO., 77, STRAND, W.C.

By whom the Oil is daily forwarded to all parts of the Metropolis.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.—A Safe and Certain Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and other Affections of the Throat and Chest. In INFANTILE CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, and WINTER COUGH they are unfailing. Being free from every hurtful ingredient, they may be taken by the most delicate female or the youngest child; while the PUBLIC SPEAKER will find them invaluable.

Sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and Tins, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., 79, St. Paul's-churchyard, London. Retail by all Druggists, &c.

DR. H. JAMES, the retired Physician, discovered while in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. Desirous of benefitting his fellow creatures, he will send post free, to those who wish it, the recipe, containing full directions for making and successfully using this remedy, on their remitting him six postage stamps.—Address, O. P. BROWN, 14, Cecil-street, Strand.

GENTLEMEN PREPARED FOR THE MILITARY EXAMINATIONS by Rev. J. BAINES, M.A. Oxon.

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ALLSOP'S PALE ALE IN IMPERIAL PINTS.

HARRINGTON PARKER and CO. are now delivering the October Brewings of the above Celebrated Ale. Its surpassing excellence is vouched for by the highest Medical and Chemical Authorities of the day. Supplied in bottles, also in casks of 18 gallons and upwards, by

HARRINGTON PARKER and CO., Wine and Spirit Merchants, 54, Pall Mall, London.

MALMSEY, TWENTY-FOUR SHILLINGS PER DOZEN, Cash.—This delicious Wine may be obtained at the above extraordinary low price from the Importers,

HARRINGTON PARKER and CO., 54, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

PURE BRANDY, 16s. per Gallon.—PALE or BROWN EAU-DE-VIE, of exquisite flavour and great purity—identical, indeed, in every respect with those choice productions of the Cognac district, which are now difficult to procure at any price—36s. per dozen, French bottles and case included, or 16s. per gallon. HENRY BRET and Co., Old Farnival's Distillery, Holborn.

UNSOPHISTICATED GENEVA, of the true Juniper flavour, and precisely as it runs from the Still, without the addition of sugar or any ingredient whatever. Imperial gallon, 13s.; or in one-dozen cases, 29s. each, bottles and case included. Price Currents (free) by post. HENRY BRET and Co., Old Farnival's Distillery, Holborn.

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DENMAN, INTRODUCER OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN PORT, SHERRY, &c., 20s. PER DOZEN, BOTTLES INCLUDED. A Pint Sample of each for 2d. stamps. Wine in Cask forwarded free to any railway station in England. EXCELSIOR BRANDY, Pale or Brown, 16s. per gallon, or 30s. per dozen. TERMS, CASH. Country orders must contain a remittance. Cross cheques "Bank of London." Price-lists, with Dr. Hassall's analysis, forwarded on application. JAMES L. DENMAN, 65, Fenchurch-street (corner of Railway-place), London.

GEOLOGY AND MINERALOGY.—Elementary Collections, which greatly facilitate the study of these interesting branches of Science, can be had at 2s. 6d., 5s., 10s., 20s., 50s., to 100 Guineas each, of J. TENNANT, Mineralogist to Her Majesty, 140, Strand, London. Also, Geological Maps, Hammers, Books, &c. Mr. TENNANT gives Private Instruction in Mineralogy and Geology.

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NET SPAPER